THE DEMOCRATIC CHARTER MARK PINSKY

THE NATION

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LETTERS

name of the crime

Middletown, Conn.
DEAR SIRS: Rep. William Cohen regards Nixon's conversations with Judge Byrne as "obstructing justice." That is a euphemism. The specific way in which offering the judge a high post was obstructing justice was *bribery*. And bribery is specifically named in the Constitution as a ground for removing the President from office. Ehrlichman's testimony on those conversations with Judge Byrne is alone sufficient ground for impeaching and convicting Nixon.
Tertius Chandler

a reader comes home

Philadelphia, Pa.
DEAR SIRS: I've been away from *The Nation* for a few years; it's good to be back. *Laurence H. Geller*

a long time dying

North Hollywood, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: While your reasoning and conclusions re *l'affaire* Solzhenitsyn are cogent [editorial, "Détente and Repression," Mar. 2], you are somewhat naive in belaboring intellectuals for discussing Soviet violations of human rights "without reference to similar encroachments in other countries. . . ." Repression of dissidence is indeed outrageous in all the nations of your citation, but no Lincoln Steffens ever said of Turkey, Iran or South Africa: "I have seen the future—and it works!" The special bitterness of decent people about the rape of liberty in the Soviet Union (and the brutal bludgeoning of Czechoslovakia) must be understood in relation to long-cherished hopes that the vision of the future was not a mirage. Myths embraced with moral passion die a painful death. *John Bright*

Arthur Koestler

DEAR SIRS: I am writing a biographical and critical study of Arthur Koestler, whose own autobiography ends with his arrival in England in 1940 and who does not intend to write any further works of autobiography or memoirs. He has . . . agreed that I may freely seek, without his supervision or veto, the help of any who know or have known him, and who may have papers of one sort or another bearing on any aspect of his life and work. I should be grateful to hear from anyone anywhere who has anything to say or show. All letters should be addressed to Iain Hamilton, c/o Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., 14 Carlisle Street, London W1, England. All material will be copied and returned with thanks. *Iain Hamilton*

two school kids

Bennington, Vt.
DEAR SIRS: Friends of the family of the late Charles Thomas Samuels, a *Nation* contributor, have established an education fund for his two young children. Those who wish to assist us should send their donations to The Erika and Melissa Samuels Education Fund, c/o Department of English, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. Thank you.
Alan Cheuse

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EDITORIALS

The Bottom Line

Of the fifty-odd acts of wrongdoing with which the President has been charged—the estimate is Senator Percy's—none is more damning than his failure to execute the laws faithfully in accordance with the Constitution's mandate and his oath of office. In recent weeks this issue has emerged as a dominant guideline for the House Judiciary Committee in considering impeachment charges. Last August 15 the President said that, at the critical meeting of March 21, 1973 with Haldeman and Dean, the latter mentioned payments to the Watergate burglars only for defense costs. On March 6 of this year, fearing disclosure of material submitted by the grand jury to Judge Sirica, he suddenly acknowledged that Dean had mentioned that payments had been made to keep the burglars from talking. More recently, he tried to finesse the admission by saying that it was "alleged" that hush money payments had been made but that Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell had denied it. In view of his admission, the key issue becomes not Senator Baker's "What did he know and when did he know it?" but what he did when placed on clear notice that a crime had probably been committed.

He did *not* report the facts to the Attorney General or the FBI or the U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia. By way of response, he says that he asked first Dean and then Ehrlichman to conduct an investigation. Apart from the fact that no such investigations were made, the President knew that both Dean and Ehrlichman were likely defendants in a conspiracy indictment for payment of hush money. How, then, could he expect them to investigate charges in which they were involved? His ingenious counsel suggests that, since the President "happens to be the ranking law enforcement officer," he could not be guilty of misprision, i.e., concealment of a felony. But clearly he could be if he or his top aides, acting with his knowledge or approval, were involved. By any reckoning, then, the President is guilty of misprision. Vice President Ford concedes as much and so, in effect, does Atty. Gen. William Saxbe.

But the evidence also points to the conclusion that the President is guilty of obstructing justice as well as misprision. When Attorney General Kleindienst and Asst. Atty. Gen. Henry Petersen *came to him* on April 15, he did not tell them what he had learned on March 21 or what Ehrlichman had reported to him on April 14. What Kleindienst and Petersen told him put him on notice of most of the facts that had been disclosed to the grand jury. He was warned by Petersen that Haldeman and Ehrlichman were apparently directing a cover-up and he was urged to fire them. What he did was fire John Dean, who he knew was then cooperating with the authorities, and issue a statement urging that immunity should not be granted to any White House aides—a statement that was aimed of course at Dean. When he was finally forced to drop Haldeman and Ehrlichman he praised them as fine public servants although he had full knowledge by then of the role they had played in the cover-up. As

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early as July 6, 1972, the President was warned by L. Patrick Gray of a White House cover-up, but the warning was ignored. Kleindienst, Petersen and Gray have all denied under oath that the President ever asked them to report the Watergate facts to him. Yet on April 30 he assured the nation that he had "personally ordered those conducting the investigations to get all the facts and report them directly to me." What he did was warn Petersen and Gray not to pursue certain leads for fear of trespassing on "national security" and attempt to persuade the CIA, through his aides, to reinforce this directive. Later his offer of the FBI directorship to Judge Byrne was a clear attempt to interfere with a Watergate-related criminal prosecution.

A hasty calculation indicates that at least $585,000—perhaps more—was paid out to the original Watergate burglars for defense costs and hush money. This money was raised in the name of the President, on his behalf, by his agents, with his knowledge and approval, and paid out by agents selected by his top aides. A major fund raiser and payoff agent was the President's personal attorney, a man who looked after his personal affairs and paid his bills and who, as such, obviously enjoyed the President's trust and confidence. These facts alone would impute knowledge to the President of the cover-up and of how it was handled. Many other facts could be cited pointing to the existence of a Presidentially approved conspiracy to obstruct justice—as, for example, the destruction by Strachan and Gray, on orders from Haldeman and Ehrlichman, of materials bearing on the break-in and cover-up, not to mention concealment of tapes, the erasures on some, the disappearance of some, and the refusal to surrender still others. It should be kept in mind that the key March 21st tape was not turned over to Judge Sirica until November 26—more than seven months after the President now admits that he knew about hush money payments. In fact the tape was not turned over to Sirica until after Archibald Cox had been ousted as Special Prosecutor. And it was not until March 6 of this year that the President admitted that Dean had mentioned hush money to him nearly a year before.

The President is a great one for catchy phrases. "The bottom line" of the March 21st meeting, he assures us, was his policy of complete disclosure. But his own words, acts and admissions—apart from other evidence—point to a different "bottom line"—namely, that his policy was one of concealment and cover-up consistently pursued from the date of the break-in to the present moment. The policy has involved feints, counterattacks, pretenses of being "forthcoming" and endless double talk. But the President has now been firmly caught not merely in the net which the various investigations have drawn tighter but by his own statements. His conceit is such that he persists in strengthening the case for impeachment by maladroit attempts to justify his shameful behavior. Nothing has been more damning than his repeated half-truths which, taken in the aggregate and closely examined, confirm the case against him. In the end he has succeeded in impeaching himself. James Reston puts his finger on the President's basic weakness as a defense tactician: "He is too clever to be clear, but he is also too obvious to be clever and get away with it."

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THE NATION

Volume 218

No. 14

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The Day of the Maverick

A small but perhaps significant crack has appeared in the Nixon-Haldeman-Ehrlichman-Ash bureaucratic monolith, and is spreading to state and local levels of the government. Last year Richard O. Simpson was appointed to head the Consumer Product Safety Commission, one of those "independent regulatory agencies." The key word, "independent," is not taken seriously by those wise in the ways of Washington and when President Nixon appointed Simpson he assumed the latter would not construe literally a provision of the law creating the commission, which reads that top-level appointments shall be made by "the chairman, subject to the approval of the commission." But that is just what Chairman Simpson did, and the first the White House knew about it was when it received press releases announcing appointments of an executive director and other powerful functionaries, none of whom had received political "clearance" at the White House.

Exasperated telephone calls followed. It was pointed out to the chairman that, whatever the law said, the orderly functioning of the executive branch required that appointments be cleared by the White House staff and key members of Congress, and he was asked to conform to this long-standing and eminently practical custom. *The Wall Street Journal* printed Simpson's reply: "I told them in a pig's eye I would. I told them there's no place in a regulatory agency for politics."

The ensuing fireworks burst not only from the White House but from the Civil Service Commission, Sen. Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Commission, and Sen. Sam Ervin's Committee on Government Operations. On the other hand, Rep. John E. Moss, a co-sponsor of the original legislation, joined Sen. Frank Moss in accusing President Nixon of "political extortion." A top official of another regulatory agency said he was watching the battle closely. "If Simpson wins," he confided, "you'll see some changes around here too." That is the danger inherent in such revolts. Mr. Nixon must be wishing he had never heard of Mr. Simpson, but this is an awkward time for a beleaguered President to fire a crusader.

Consider also the case of Herbert S. Denenberg, Pennsylvania's brilliant commissioner of insurance. Quite possibly Denenberg has done more for buyers of insurance than all his predecessors combined; inevitably, he has in the process ruffled the hair of special interests. But he enjoyed a charmed life because the more harshly the special interests attacked him, the more of an asset he was to the administration of Gov. Milton Shapp. According to independent estimates, Denenberg saved consumers at least $50 million, perhaps as much as $75 million, in added premium costs which the insurance companies were demanding.

Now Denenberg is trying for the Democratic nomination for Senator, against the first-term Republican incumbent, Richard S. Schweiker. Denenberg's opponent in the Democratic primary is Mayor Peter F. Flaherty of Pittsburgh, another but different kind of maverick. By eliminating the regressive sales tax, slightly lowering property taxes and building up surpluses in the city treasury, Flaherty made friends, and also enemies. The appeal of Denenberg and Flaherty is much the same, and sometimes they use the same phrases. "I don't look for anybody's approval except the people's," Flaherty said early in March. The day before, Denenberg had declared that the only support he wanted was the people's.

These men do not exhaust the list of mavericks. We ran profiles recently on James Thompson, U.S. Attorney for Northern Illinois, and Herbert Stern, former U.S. Attorney in Newark, who has now been elevated to the federal bench. They furnish further proof that independent officeholders are not necessarily headed for oblivion after an encouraging start. As prosecutors they put the conventional textbooks aside and did the job that needed to be done. For them, independence has paid off politically. Thompson may run against Mayor Richard Daley—that could turn out to be the battle of the decade, or several decades.

Only yesterday mavericks were regarded as troublemakers and quickly dropped from the "team." But today the price of dropping an effective maverick has suddenly gone up: these pesky fellows have loyal and enthusiastic constituencies. Old-time politicians have been slow to catch on to what has been happening. Every Governor nowadays would benefit from the presence on his staff of at least one enlightened Nader-type hell-raiser, preferably in the field of consumer affairs. It has become good politics to sponsor at least a few public-interest advocates, whose popularity can be measured by the fire they draw from special interests. For the moment, at least, Watergate has created an atmosphere in which maverick types can flourish; it's a minor but not insignificant windfall benefit.

Workers' Sabbaticals

An article by Philip W. Selmas in *The Chronicle of Higher Education* (March 18) enlarges on an idea whose time may not yet have come (at least not in the United States) but which is something to begin thinking about. Physicians and engineers have been exercised for at least a generation over the problem of keeping up with rapid advances in their specialties. The only answer appears to be lifelong education through reading, conventions featuring lectures, seminars and product expositions, and formal courses of varying duration. The problem is not confined to technological vocations; some of the big corporations send selected managers to school periodically, either at universities with which they have connections or at *ad hoc* schools which the corporations themselves have set up for the purpose.

But what about blue-collar workers, and those members of the work force who are neither exclusively blue nor white collar? Three European countries have adopted paid educational leaves of absence for workers. West Germany put such measures in operation in 1969, France followed in 1971, Belgium in 1973. These leaves are financed jointly by the government and employers. In 1972 about 10 per cent of the French labor force took advantage of such leaves—mainly, so far, for predominantly professional or vocational training.

However, the idea has broader implications. James

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O'Toole, an assistant professor ot management at the University of Southern California and chairman of a federal task force which produced an important study entitled *Work in America*, has made a series of observations that will raise the hackles of conventionally minded employers and politicians. Professor O'Toole questions the whole idea of work as "the only legitimate activity of maturity." He challenges work as the sole goal of life, not only as it affects workers on the assembly line but also housewives, especially those with young children; the unemployed and the underemployed; school and college dropouts; the elderly and others who "suffer both economically and psychologically from their second-class status." Those who are employed in repetitive mechanical work say themselves that after twenty-five years they are nothing but "dummies." A secondary result is that, taking the only chance for "success," swarms of high school graduates, whether qualified or not, storm the gates of state and municipal colleges. They feel that for them it is now or never, and under present conditions the feeling is not unrealistic.

Western European experience in this field should be kept under study here. With only about a fourth of our work force unionized and few unions interested in anything but wage rates, hours, pensions and other fringe benefits, the underlying idea of lifelong learning seems quixotic. Yet experience shows that, from Bismarck's day to the present, sooner or later every European social advance has been adopted in some form in the United States.

Perhaps sensing this East-West transfer, Ernest L. Boyer, chancellor of the State University of New York, suggests that colleges should establish specific programs for prisoners, servicemen, professionals, "workers who don't know what to do with their leisure time" and the elderly, many of whom also find leisure an affliction. Who will pay?, Mr. Boyer asks. The individual if he can, but if he can't: ". . . we have Medicare for the body. Why not Edu-care for the mind?" Doesn't it make sense?

OIL FOR THE THIRD WORLD

MICHAEL TANZER

Since the October war numerous parties in the West have shed what can be viewed only as crocodile tears over the plight now faced by the oil-importing underdeveloped countries which must face skyrocketing prices. For example, the World Bank's policy of not only refusing to loan money to governments of underdeveloped countries for use in the oil sector but also of persuading these governments not to undertake such activities, has contributed heavily to the drastic situation these countries are now in.

Nevertheless, the problems of the oil-importing underdeveloped countries are very real, and in fact have been singled out by the OPEC countries as something which they would attempt to ameliorate. (A U.N. General Assembly session on raw materials in underdeveloped countries will open on April 9 and run for perhaps three weeks.) It is within this context of growing Third World recognition of the need to solve its own problems that I would propose the mechanism discussed below.

The key to the solution is that while most oil-importing underdeveloped countries lack sufficient foreign exchange to pay for the imports, at least some of the oil-exporting countries fear an "oversupply" of foreign exchange whose value would be eroded by future inflation. At the same time, the Third World as a whole produces vast quantities of natural resources, ranging from coffee to copper and tea to tin, which presumably on average would rise in price during an inflationary period.

Thus, the specific proposal is that the oil-importing underdeveloped countries should pay for future oil imports with a Third World "Commodity-Oil Reserve Unit" (CORU). This CORU would be a unit of currency based on a fixed link between a barrel of crude oil and a basket of Third World natural resources. By way of hypothetical illustration as to how the scheme would work, if initially crude oil was valued at $8 per barrel and coffee, copper, tea and tin each at $1 per pound, then 1 barrel of crude oil (one CORU) could be set equal to 2 pounds of each of those commodities, or any other combination of them adding up to 8 pounds. Once the initial relationships were fixed, they would remain constant over the life of the agreement.

Exactly what would be in the basket of Third World commodities would depend partly on which Third World countries wanted to participate in the scheme. And what would be fair exchange ratios between crude oil and each of the commodities in the CORU would undoubtedly require considerable negotiation among the participating countries.

In general, once the exchange rates were agreed on the oil-producing countries would deliver oil to the oil-importing countries and receive payment in CORUs. The CORU units could be redeemed on demand for the underlying commodities during a reasonable time period to be agreed upon. Presumably any oil-producing country would be free to resell its CORUs, and hence would not have to be the ultimate consumer of these commodities. The oil-importing underdeveloped countries for their part would commit themselves collectively to provide the required amounts of commodities owed to the OPEC countries participating in the agreement.

There are several major advantages of this multilateral oil-commodity barter scheme for the Third World. First, for the oil-importing countries, obviously, it would solve the immediate oil foreign exchange problem which threatens to ruin their economies. (At the same time, it would

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in effect provide a guaranteed outlet for part of their commodity exports, which would serve as some hedge against possible future adverse price developments.)

Second, it would give the oil-exporting countries a means to alleviate the foreign exchange burden on the poor Third World countries without themselves having to surrender anything. Rather, particularly for OPEC countries like Saudi Arabia which face the problem of having more foreign exchange than they can use at present, and fear the erosion of the value of this foreign exchange through future inflation, the CORU would provide a useful alternative store of value. Moreover, it is an alternative which should presumably rise in value in an inflationary period, and hence would serve as a good hedge for these oil exporters.

Third, since the oil-commodity barter would require state-to-state arrangements, the interposition of the international oil companies could be eliminated, and that would leave a very large pool of profits to be shared among the Third World countries. Finally, such a multilateral barter arrangement for oil could provide a first step beyond sporadic bilateral deals to enhance the economic unity and capacity for self-development of the Third World.

Whether or not such a plan ultimately proves feasible will depend partly on the ability of leaders of Third World countries to see beyond narrow calculations of immediate self-interest to the greater medium and long-term gains which can be realized for all Third World countries from such cooperation. History will honor those who have the vision and the courage to undertake such a vitally needed task.

'A TERRIBLY DELICATE MATTER'

MULTINATIONAL AID TO SAIGON

MARK SELDEN

Tokyo

¶The World Bank has launched a major drive aimed at propping up the Saigon regime in violation of the letter and spirit of the Paris accords on Vietnam.

¶Japan is playing a leading role in generating the international financial backing which underwrites the Thieu regime's blatant violations of the accords.

¶Saigon is poised at the brink of economic—hence political—collapse which can be forestalled only by long-term infusions of aid on a massive scale.

These conclusions emerge from the "World Bank Papers," a voluminous series of secret reports and documents which reveal that the war in Vietnam has entered a decisive new stage. From the early 1960s, the United States resorted successively to special war, ground war, air war, Vietnamization and negotiation in its abortive attempts to annihilate the National Liberation Front. In the months following the Paris accords it became clear that the United States would turn increasingly to *internationalization* as the important means to by-pass the accords and secure victory for Saigon at reduced cost to the United States. As Henry Kissinger told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in September, "We favor broad international participation in postwar assistance to Indochina." He listed the World Bank, the Asian Development Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the United Nations as potential channels for this participation. Representatives of each of these organizations and of fifteen major capitalist nations led by the United States, France, Japan and West Germany, secretly assembled in the World Bank's Paris offices on October 15-16 to "informally discuss" implementation of multilateral aid to Saigon.

While the United States is the driving force behind internationalization of the war, Japan's active role, in direct violation of the Paris accords, runs like a black line throughout the papers. The initial suggestion for a coordinated aid program came from the single international organization which Japan dominates, the Asian Development Bank. President Shiro Inouye initially called on the World Bank to co-sponsor the project in November 1972.

When President Thieu officially asked the World Bank's help in organizing an international aid group in April

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The World Bank Papers

¶Chairman's [I.P.M. Cargill] Opening Remarks. October 15, 1973.

¶Statement by Mr. Krishna Moorthi, Vice President, Asian Development Bank. October 16, 1973.

¶Statement for Paris Meeting on Indochina by IMF Representative. October 16, 1973.

¶Report of An Economic Reconnaissance Mission to the Republic of Vietnam. September 28, 1973. Report No. 198a-VN. Document of International Bank for Reconstruction and Development/International Development Association.

¶Current Economic Position and Prospects of the Republic of Vietnam. January 18, 1974.

¶Report No. 315-VN. Document of International Bank for Reconstruction and Development/International Development Association.

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1973, Bank President Robert McNamara, who as Secretary of Defense in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations had been the chief architect of the military desecration of Vietnam, indicated his willingness—provided a truly international effort could be mounted. Thereupon, Japan, South Vietnam's second leading trade partner and $7 billion richer as a result of American war procurements, proposed the October 1973 meeting to lay out the scheme for multilateral aid.

Japan, along with France and West Germany, has already provided outright grants and loans to the Thieu regime. (Negotiations are also in progress for aid from Canada, Australia, Korea and Taiwan.) The World Bank estimates that aid from non-U.S. sources will come to $100 million in 1974, up from $55 million in 1973. Japan's pledge of $50 million remains the largest sum by any country except the United States. Exploratory missions to South Vietnam from Mitsubishi and Keidanren (the Japan Federation of Business Organizations) have been followed by elaborate postwar development plans involving Japanese capital, though prudence has thus far deferred action. Japan also sent the largest and most impressive delegation to the meeting sponsored by the World Bank and the Asian Development Bank: a nine-member team led by Kiyohisa Mikanagi, director general of the Economic Cooperation Bureau, Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

What sums are at stake in the multilateral proposals to aid Thieu? R. H. Nooter, of the Agency for International Development and head of the U.S. delegation at Paris last fall, told Congress "one-third to one-half [of total aid] . . . within two to three years." Through 1973 the United States shouldered well over 90 per cent of all aid to Saigon. The World Bank's second mission to Vietnam (a first mission had visited in June, its report providing the basis for discussion at the October meeting), detailed the vast sums required. Projecting what it euphemistically labeled a "medium 'long-haul' case" of aid, it stipulated a minimum of $11 billion—exclusive of military aid between now and 1990.

Based on Saigon's *most optimistic projection* for economic growth in the 1970s, the World Bank's second mission concluded that "net aid required in 1980 would still be of the order of $770 million a year, or about $100 million higher than seems probable for 1974." Continuing a fantasy based on the supposition of an annual export growth of 25 to 30 per cent, the study nevertheless concluded that even in 1990, aid would have to fill a $450 million annual gap in order to keep the regime afloat. Two decades hence, Saigon will require, at best, aid roughly comparable to 1974 figures. What is projected, in short, are massive international infusions of capital—70 per cent of it in grants and the rest on low interest deferred loans—on a semi-permanent basis.

The full significance of the Bank's proposal emerges when its underlying political assumptions are exposed. For the cardinal principle of this report—directly subversive of the Paris accords—is that Saigon is *the* government of South Vietnam. For example, while the accords give equal status to the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) and the Republic of South Vietnam,

Padry, Le Herisson (Paris)

"Not Now! I Have No Time for Indochina Now."

chairman of the October meeting, I.P.M. Cargill of the World Bank designates the four states of Indochina as follows: the Khmer Republic, the Government of Laos, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the Republic of Vietnam. The documents mention the PRG government only once in passing, noting the existence of "pockets" under its control.

In the face of Thieu's persistent and publicly proclaimed violations, multilateral aid sustains and rewards the sabotage of the accords and prolongs the holocaust. Little wonder that a World Bank official described the issue as a "terribly delicate matter that could easily be upset by undue publicity." The Bank must maintain a "politically neutral stance" and "the question of multilateral assistance to Thieu is very political."

By its actions, the United States has made abundantly clear its own intention to disregard the accords and provide Thieu with the military hardware to secure victory. In the first eight months after the cease-fire it supplied Saigon with 200,000 tons of ammunition, including 86,000 bombs. In early March, Deputy Defense Secretary William Clements told Congress that South Vietnam would be in "extremely dire straits" unless an additional $500 million in military aid—for a total of $1.6 billion—were forthcoming immediately. It is worth noting in this context the stunning arrogance of Dr. Kissinger's September statement explaining the "recess" in discussion of aid to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, "pending assurance that the North Vietnamese are observing all the provisions of the cease-fire agreement. No requests for aid funds for North Vietnam will be made until we are satisfied as to North Vietnamese adherence to the agreement."

Gabriel Kolko recently summarized the situation in Saigon as follows: "It is corrupt, it has less American money to spend than ever before, it does not really administer most of the areas it claims to 'control,' the goods it imports have been subjected to unusually high inflationary pressures, it faces enormous capital flight from its own devotees, it has a monumental inflation,

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oversized and nonproductive army, and a vast urban population forced to remain within range of its guns for security reasons but which is an economic cancer and social threat, *ad infinitum*."

The great contributions of "The World Bank Papers" include their detailed and devastating portrait of the decay of the Saigon economy. Based exclusively on information provided by Saigon (some of it so outrageous as to embarrass even Washington, e.g., Thieu's claim to control 95 per cent of the population), the data nevertheless expose the thinly veiled Saigon propaganda which is offered by way of conclusion. For example: "All available evidence points to the conclusion that investment outlays since the early 1960s have been insufficient even to maintain existing productive assets . . . while population has grown by more than 40 per cent." Or "per capita commodity output fell by more than 20 per cent from the early 1960s." As production stagnated or declined, the service sector increased rapidly. Service, that is, to American troops and the Vietnamese upper classes. And with the withdrawal of U.S. forces and the consequent decline of U.S. piaster purchases from $403 million in 1971 to $100 million in 1973, this sector collapsed in turn.

Meanwhile the casualties of war include more than 7 million refugees, an urban population (largely squatter and unemployed) which has more than doubled since 1960, and 1.2 million men, 15 per cent of the labor force, retained in the Saigon army. In 1973, construction—a crucial long-range indicator—fell to the lowest level since 1968. As one Saigon-based American expert admitted in the January *Asian Survey*, "The year 1973 witnessed a continued, but ultimately precipitous, deterioration of the South Vietnamese economy."

These problems are compounded by an inflation that is without parallel in Asia since the collapse of Kuomintang China in the 1940s. Even Saigon's doctored figures reveal inflation running at better than 60 per cent in 1973; the regime was forced to devalue the piaster nine times in that year. Under these conditions, and with security at best problematic, the much advertised effort to lure foreign investment has fallen flat—less than $10 million was ventured in the decade which ended in 1972, according to the authoritative *Pacific Basin Report* survey of November. And the flight of domestic capital to safer havens abroad continues: from the mid-1960s negative savings have averaged 5 per cent of gross domestic product.

In response to these problems Thieu's solution remains more dollars for the military. Its budget, which exceeds two-thirds of government outlays, will swell in 1974 by another 12 per cent. Yet it is no longer possible to evade the problem of a vast gap between budget outlays and expenditures, which grew from a 1973 deficit of 115 billion piasters to 155 billion in 1974. As the first World Bank mission pointed out, "the cost of conducting the war was in effect borne abroad . . . in the form of support for the government budget which became increasingly imbalanced as defense expenditures mounted. . . . The essential object of external assistance has been to provide the budgetary support necessary to achieve the desired military capability in Vietnam. . . ." But the United States is no longer able or willing to pick up the entire tab. It is here that multilateral aid enters the scene as an integral part of the effort to "achieve the desired military capability" for the Saigon regime.

While the World Bank, Asian Development Bank and International Monetary Fund attempt to create an effective multilateral aid mechanism, the United States is pressuring its allies to provide immediate bilateral aid and to form a working group to coordinate overall assistance. Such a course promises no more success than the decade-long American effort—or the French or Japanese attempts which preceded it—to make Saigon a viable government. Such costly moves will certainly, however, breach the Paris accords and prolong the war.

Now is the time to call to account the World Bank, the IMF, the ADB and the United Nations, as well as the American, Japanese and other governments that attended the October meeting, for their action in violating the international accords and the right of the people of South Vietnam to determine their own destiny. □

SOCIETY AND ITS ENEMIES

THE TOLERANCE LEVEL FOR CRIME

LAWRENCE M. FRIEDMAN

About 100 years ago, Charles Loring Brace published a book called *The Dangerous Classes of New York*. It was an impassioned plea that son ething be done about what we call juvenile delinquents—homeless, anti-social children of the streets. These "children of poverty and vice," with the "intensity of the American temperament . . . in every fiber," were a terrible danger to society. They were violent as well as anti-social. "They rifle a bank, where English thieves pick a pocket; they murder, where European *proletaires* cudgel a fight with fists"; their riots were close to revolution. They threatened the very social order; they resented the rich and looked on "capital" as a "tyrant." Brace warned: "Let but Law lift its hand from them for a season, or let the civilizing influences of American life fail to reach them, and, if the opportunity offered, we should see an explosion from this class which might leave this city in ashes and blood."

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A century later, we seem less fearful of the poor as potential revolutionaries (though ghetto riots always threaten to arouse this latent dread). Fear of violent crime is another matter. Crime is a major *political* issue. And, judging by the uproar in the media, the middle class at least is convinced that there is more and worse crime in the cities than ever before. The situation verges on the intolerable and deteriorates day by day.

Yet, if we move out into the cooler world of criminologists and historians, we discover a curious fact: social scientists and historians are not at all sure that the rate of violent crime *is* increasing. Around 1960, Daniel Bell wrote an essay called "The Myth of Crime Waves"; the subtitle was "The Actual Decline of Crime in the United States." More recently, Roger Lane has followed the same line of argument. Over a period of, say, 100 years, there is no evidence that the rate of crime is rising; the evidence, such as it is, goes the other way. Can it be that cities are *safer* now than when Brace wrote his book?

The question is difficult to answer and surprisingly technical. For one thing, crime statistics are notoriously slippery and inaccurate. Many crimes are not reported to the police; and the police themselves do not keep accurate records. Ways of counting change over time and from place to place, making comparison difficult.

But, if it is hard to prove a rising crime rate, why the great *political* turmoil over crime? Is it mere demagoguery? That case can be made—"law and order" and the "fight against crime" are, as everyone knows, convenient code words for ideas about race and civil liberties that are awkward to voice directly. But the demagogue, after all, rarely invents his issue; he exploits one that is already there. Senator McCarthy did not *create* his Red scare; he exploited it. Still, we can ask why the public rose so eagerly to the bait. Similarly, about the uproar over crime.

For one thing, the *kind* of crime makes a difference. If a young tough rapes and murders an old woman in her living room, he evokes (and rightly so) far more outrage and fear than if one tough kills another in a barroom brawl. Some people think that the *nature* of violent crime has changed since 1870. They think that crime, apart from its prevalence, is simply more violent today. They feel that there is more senseless, oppressive violence, violence that cannot be anticipated and explained; that it is no longer (if it ever was) a question of opting into a violent world (like a gunfighter or a mercenary) or out of it (like a housewife, carpenter or nurse). They are afraid of desperate crime, half-rational amateur crime, dangerous because the criminals are themselves cornered, clumsy and afraid: addict crime, above all.

In this regard, the modern crisis may indeed be a break with the past. The facts are largely unknown. Yet even if the face of crime has changed, that may not entirely explain the concern. And in any event, what is at issue is not the rate of crime; what is at issue is the rate of social *tolerance* of crime. This varies over time and space, and by no means necessarily parallels the true rate of crime. The tolerance rate can rise or fall on its own, faster or slower than the crime rate. If it falls much faster, then we have something rather like a "revolution of rising expectations." Objectively, things are getting better, but people are less satisfied. That may be where we are today. The tolerance for crime is dropping, apparently; while the crime rate, if it drops at all, drops less fast. People demand more law and order, more crime control than the authorities are able or willing to give.

Tolerance levels are sensitive to social and economic change. In each period, each society has its own idea of crime, its own level of tolerance. In 17th-century Massachusetts, the elites were very hard on crimes against morality. They tried to enforce laws against fornication, blasphemy and nonattendance at church. Idlers and gamblers were put in the stocks. In the 19th century, the tolerance level shifted. Crimes against morality remained "on the books," but were rarely enforced; no one seemed to care whether people sinned in private. The authorities were much less tolerant of property crime. Only one "moral" crime still aroused great interest—public drunkenness. Roger Lane studied arrests in 19th-century Boston. He found a dramatic rise in arrests for drunkenness. An industrial, capitalist society (he felt) cannot abide certain kinds of disorder among workers. The tolerance rate varied, then, with the social structure. Sin *was* crime in the theocratic colonies. In the 19th century, sin that did not flaunt itself in public, and did not threaten society's actual *work*, was left to itself.

The tolerance level, then, is sensitive to real economic needs. Society will protect itself against robbery, and against anti-social acts that threaten property, lives and the economic order itself. Criminal justice will enforce the *status quo*. But there is another, more subtle demand for protection, less economic than cultural—a demand that *moral* domination remain where it lies. The middle and upper classes have a moral code as well as economic power to uphold. People appear to feel great satisfaction when their values are the official values; when the country flies *their* flag, sings *their* tune, enforces *their* rules. Quite reasonable men can make demands that seem totally unreasonable, out of an instinct to preserve their moral power. Why persecute people who want to go barefoot in restaurants? Why the passion over "dirty books" on high school reading lists? Some people, to be sure, may think bare feet dangerous or unhealthy, and that bad books will corrupt the minds of their children. But that must be only a part of the story. Going barefoot threatens those who think their way of life will collapse unless they hold tight to a *monopoly of respectability*. What is at issue here is not deviance, but flaunting deviance in public. Many parents who become upset over books read in school know perfectly well that their children read far worse books in secret; I dare say this bothers parents much less; they may even welcome it as part of growing up. What they cannot tolerate is *open* "pornography"—especially when peddled by moral stewards of the community, teachers, for example. For that, after all, breaks the monopoly of respectability, which they insist upon for themselves.

The struggle over moral and cultural monopoly runs as deep in our social history as the struggle over economic power. But it obviously flows against the current of civil liberties, that frail, precious tradition which insists, against all practical experience (but deliberately so), that the

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state must stay neutral among competing moral claims, so long as there is no physical danger to the people or the state. Our present situation is complex. In the past, people outside the moral majority seemed willing to accept a second-class status. The history of pornography neatly illustrates this point. Pornography is as old as mankind. What is new is the openness, the nakedness flaunted and proud. John Cleland wrote "Fanny Hill" in the 18th century; it never lacked customers, but the book stayed underground until a few years ago. No one in the 19th century dreamed that the First Amendment—roughly as old as Fanny herself—had anything to do with this lady. Freedom of speech did not protect "obscenity." That was a real consensus; today, it has completely broken down. The issue is not pornography but pornography in public—on bookshelves and stage and screen; not pornography but the *legitimization* of pornography.

This controversy seems, on the surface, only dimly related to "law and order," though a single code word ("permissiveness") does cover the two. Yet there is a real, organic connection. The uproar over crime is a function of demand. Crime, we readily admit, *is* a dreadful social problem. It is appalling that ordinary people are not safe in their houses or on the street. If a woman is so fearful that she will not leave her house, she has lost freedom. Her "civil liberties" have been damaged, far more than have those of most people arrested for crime. Still, the demand for law and order may in part at least transcend reality, and thus breed demagoguery, which threatens to impair the workings of some fundamental rights.

In part, modern life in the city is at fault. The "dangerous classes" do not stay put; they ride the subways and busses; they even drive cars. No one and no place is safe. That is the physical threat. But there is also the threat to the moral monopoly. The white middle class sees what it thinks of as too much "permissiveness." Liberals worry about poverty and the roots of crime. A few lawyers, judges and reformers try to bring more justice into criminal justice. Civil liberties groups always seem to take the prisoner's side. Above all, there is a revolt of the underdogs—blacks, the poor, the sexual minorities—a struggle against stigmatization, a demand for equal justice under law. These great earth movements may portend to the middle class (white and black) that their moral monopoly is breaking down. This may make them as insecure, in neat suburban homes, as the elderly poor in their urban rabbit warrens. And insecurity lowers their level of tolerance for crime, while it exacerbates the demand for law and order.

Political leaders in such a situation ought to search for some way to accommodate people's interests, to allay their fears, to achieve real improvement in crime control without giving up gains in criminal justice. Needless to say, the balance between security and justice is not easily reached. Practically speaking, it is easier and more profitable in the short run for politicians to look for expedient gains. They see that people are only too eager to believe in repression; that people are afraid of the "dangerous classes," and do not want the law to "lift its hand." The Nixon Administration played on these fears. The fall of John Mitchell, and the embarrassments of Watergate, may have ended, at least for a while, the worst of the dangers and excesses. But the underlying problem will not so easily go away. □

COMMUNITY CABLE TV

PUBLIC ACCESS AND UNION FEARS

RALPH LEE SMITH

A few years ago in New York City, William vandenHeuvel, at that time chairman of the city's Department of Corrections, held hearings on prison conditions. On the first morning crews from two commercial TV stations were on hand with their equipment. Another group also showed up—a team from the Alternate Media Center (AMC), a foundation-funded, nonprofit videotape group based at New York University.

The commercial crews were there to record a few segments of the hearings, which would then be edited down for a presentation of perhaps a minute on that evening's news roundup. AMC's group planned to tape the entire proceedings, for showing during prime evening time on the public access channels of Manhattan's two cable systems, so that interested persons could see the hearings in full. In addition, the center keeps a permanent file of such tapes, and makes them available to cable systems, and to civic and community groups throughout the country.

But at the hearings, the commercial crews took one look at the AMC group opening up its portable equipment and phoned their union shop stewards. The cameramen then told vandenHeuvel that if the AMC group were allowed to tape, the commercial cameras would be shut off. Faced with the choice of a possible minute on commercial TV, or full coverage on the city's cable access channels, vandenHeuvel did not hestitate. The AMC group was ordered not to videotape the hearings until the commercial crews had filmed everything they wanted and left the premises.

VandenHeuvel's decision speaks volumes about the

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relationship of public officials to mass market television. It also highlights an important item on the nation's agenda —the relationship between labor and emerging forms of communications.

The community videotape movement came into being when a new generation of relatively inexpensive portable videotape equipment reached the market in the late 1960s. The first in the field was SONY, with the Porta-Pak; more recently, comparable equipment has been marketed by Panasonic. So far, no American manufacturers have entered the field. The SONY and Panasonic equipment, which takes half-inch tape, costs about $1,600. A broadcast TV camera, using 2-inch tape, costs about $80,000. The low cost of the half-inch cameras is matched by their ease of operation. Workshops conducted by video groups throughout the United States have shown that almost anyone can begin making videotapes after about fifteen minutes of instruction and "hands-on" experience.

The growth of the community videotape movement coincided with the rise of local origination and public access channels on cable systems. The camera groups were quick to see that cable offered a means of local distribution for the tapes that they were making. Many cable system operators, for their part, welcomed the community tapes, since they provided a ready source of program material. Increasingly, tapes made by video groups began to appear on local systems, with community residents doing the work, and the cable operator supplying channel space without charge. Here and there, conflicts began to occur with unionized TV cameramen.

For a number of reasons, few community videotapers are members of unions. First, community videogroups, loosely organized and without commercial intention, are not union shops. Second, the videotapes are made either on a minuscule budget or on no budget at all. If the camera operators had to charge community groups union scale for their time and observe union work rules, most of their output would cease, since no one in sight at this time is prepared to pay such money for these activities. Third, union membership is at best irrelevant and at worst incompatible with one of the purposes of the movement, which is to break the monopoly in the creation of television that has hitherto been enjoyed by a small group of professionals. Videotape groups put their equipment directly into the hands of individuals in communities—teenagers, old persons, minorities, the disadvantaged, the handicapped—show them how to use it, and encourage them to make tapes reflecting their interests, their concerns, their friends and their world. "The videotape movement," says one of its leaders, "is simply people making television."

On February 6 to 8 of this year, a little noticed milestone was reached in the relationship of unions to the new forms of community television. The AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center in Washington, D.C. held a first of its kind three-day seminar for union officials on the subject of "Union Strategies for Cable TV." The Labor Studies Center was established five years ago as a nonprofit educational institution; its board of directors is composed of both labor leaders and public members. Its programs include professional training for labor leaders, special conferences and seminars, and broader programs on public issues, social sciences and the humanities. Beginning this year, the center, in conjunction with Antioch College, is offering a full four-year external degree program leading to a B.A. in labor studies, for union staff and full-time elected union officials.

Twenty-eight union officials from all over the country signed up for the center's cable seminar. They included officials from a number of unions in the field of communications and the performing arts—the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, whose membership includes many TV cameramen; the Utility Workers Union, the Communications Workers of America, the National Association of Broadcast Employees, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, and Actors Equity. Unions in other fields also sent representatives. Many of those attending knew relatively little about cable, and the seminar was designed to provide an intensive introduction that could serve as a background for discussion and debate.

Wednesday morning, February 6, was devoted to presentations by staff members of the Ford Foundation-funded Cable Television Information Center. In the afternoon the group visited the cable system in Reston, Va., being briefed on the technology and watching some local programming go out on the system. On Thursday morning the seminar heard Earl Haydt, manager of the Reading, Pa. cable system, and Robert Fina, director of TV services at Kutztown State College, describe extensive program origination activities in which the Reading system has been involved, and saw excerpts from some community-made tapes that have been shown on the Reading cable.

At the end of the morning the group saw and heard something even more experimental—application of community videotape techniques to union work. Leslie Orear, assistant for publications of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen and a panelist at the seminar, has been one of the first union officials to acquaint himself with the new communications technologies; he is convinced of their importance for the labor movement. On a recent trip to Alabama, he interviewed union and non-union workers in the poultry industry, making no suggestions about what they should say, but simply letting them tell about their working experiences. The result, seen in excerpts from the tapes that Orear showed at the seminar, was a far more immediate and persuasive document than could ever have been turned out by the mimeograph machines in a union publicity office. And it was created at almost no cost by a union official on the job who had no training in TV camera work or production.

Showing videotapes on portable equipment is as simple as making them, and Orear's plan had been to put a shortened version of his Alabama tapes into the hands of union field workers and local organizers, for showing at workers' meetings. So far, however, he has found it hard to overcome the lack of familiarity with the new techniques, and the human tendency to continue doing things the way they have been done in the past. Lack of familiarity with the technologies was one of the problems that the seminar was designed to attack. On Thursday afternoon the group learned to use portable video equip-

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ment in a workshop period. Individual participants then made tapes that same afternoon, and these were shown after supper.

Controversy erupted on Friday morning, during a round-table discussion of programming at which Red Burns, executive director of the Alternate Media Center, was the featured speaker. Burns, a slim, attractive woman with a warm, electric personality, is one of the evangelists of community video. As she and others spoke, two Antioch students videotaped the proceedings.

In her opening remarks, Burns said: "The idea that nonprofessional media people could suddenly have access to media is a kind of mind-blowing thing. What can we do with it?" By contrast with present broadcasting, she said, the emphasis in community television should be on teaching nonprofessional people how to use the new technologies of half-inch videotape and cable. People and communities should make programs according to their needs, and interaction should be the central concept. "We must find a way to plug the people back into the nation's media," she said. "We must get this equipment into the hands of the people. We must let *them* make tapes. . . . We are not the experts. It's the people who are the experts."

The union officials, some of whom had devoted their working lives to making certain that only persons certified as professionals or experts laid their hands on the operating equipment of television technology, pondered her words. Leslie Orear approached the hydra-headed issue cautiously. "About that programming on the Reading, Pa. system that was shown here yesterday," he said, "we saw a lot of stuff that looked pretty dull to us. We find it difficult to believe that a great cable system was built on such material."

"It *should* be dull to you," Red Burns replied. "There are lots of small audiences, even within a city the size of Reading, and that programming was designed for the specific interests of small audiences and groups. It's programming made *by* the local people, and programming in which people in local communities within the city of Reading can see themselves, their communities and their problems, on television."

"Are you urging," he asked, "that we use cable not just for promoting labor's point of view, but that we should take the broad point of view of using labor programming to present, sponsor, and help to create a public forum for the community to use in expressing itself?"

"You are part of a community," Burns replied, "and we are interested, not just in union problems but in the community. . . . What you're going to be doing is developing a consciousness and an awareness in your community that can only help your movement."

John Carr, an international representative of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, reached for the throat of the problem as his union saw it:

> My interest in cable TV is organizing it and servicing it. I have a great fear that we are getting back to child labor again, by letting high school students run tapes all over the community. My interest is to organize the fellow who runs the camera, and get him a week's pay, and not to have volunteer help.
>
> Now I noticed, with regard to the operation in Reading, that they are, in my opinion, making a profit on volunteer help. They started out with 850 subscribers, went dynamically into local programming and public access, and now have some 30,000 subscribers. An awful lot of the reason why that subscribership increased is public access. I think that this is where the union has a stake in this. . . . My experience has been that it's best to organize a field when there are three or four companies in it, not when there are 30,000 or 40,000. Someday this industry is going to be bigger than the telephone company. . . .
>
> Local origination is the most important part to organize. How long do you tell the community to go ahead and use it for nothing, use it themselves, and when do you say, "Stop, now we're going to use it, and we're going to get paid for using it . . ."?
>
> We want local origination organized and we want the people paid. Local origination is an advertisement for a profit-making venture. . . . I know one thing—you have a world of greedy, miserly owners out there.

The theme was pursued by Gordon Spielman, editor of *The Union Advocate,* the newspaper of the St. Paul, Minn. Trades and Labor Assembly. "We in the labor movement can't afford the amateurs," he said. "I take a jaundiced view of the guy who will replace me, and who will be doing just what I am doing, but will be doing it for nothing. Whoever is going to be hired to do this, we're going to insist that he be a member of a trade union, getting union pay. . . . The issue is whether we're going to develop a new scab medium." The problem, Spielman added, is as important to the economic future of today's young videotapers, as it is to those now making a living in the field.

Jay Barney, counselor for Actors Equity, suggested that those who appear on videotapes, as well as those who run them, should be professionals. "Amateur supper theatre, as a rule, is poor," he stated. "The program origination that we saw on the Reston system was amateurish. People will demand professionals both behind and in front of the cameras."

Responding to these and similar statements, Red Burns held firmly to her view that unions are part of the community and cannot pursue a separate path. Unionization of local access and community programming at this time, she said, would seriously harm or destroy them, and it is in the mutual interest of unions and the community that this not occur. Union policy toward community video, she maintained, should be to avoid or postpone organization of the field and "let it grow." At one point she waved her hand at the pair of students who were videotaping the meeting. "The power is not mine," she said, "it is not yours. It is theirs."

A communications professor from a local university agreed with her about the adverse effect of unionization on community television, but Albert Zack, director of the AFL-CIO public relations department, and Gordon Spielman sharply disagreed. "This is the excuse that is used anytime we organize anywhere," Spielman said. "They say we are raising the cost, therefore we are raising the price to the consumer, therefore organized labor is inflationary, organized labor ought to be suppressed, it is a conspiracy, and everything else."

John Taylor, an officer of Local 279 of the Houston,

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Tex. Moving Pictures Machine Operators, tossed a couple of ideas into the pot. He suggested, first, that union funds be made available for subsidizing the cost of running public access channels on cable systems. Second, he suggested that the franchise fee which cities collect from cable companies be devoted to paying union scale to persons involved in access programming.

The discussion shifted to ways in which unions might themselves use the public access channels. "The labor movement just doesn't know what to do with cable—doesn't know how to use it," said Zack. "Channels are available, but who will use them, and how? And where will the funds come from, for programming?" Spielman agreed. "We could get a labor channel in St. Paul, all for ourselves, just by asking for it," he said. "But what in the world would we do with it?"

"You could use it as part of a community information system," Burns replied, returning to her theme. "You must develop the concept of feedback." The subject fascinated Beverly Shulman, public representative of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. On a union channel, or on a public access channel, she asked, who would speak for the union? The officers? The shop ladies? "The shop ladies could, of course, go on public access, and say anything they want," Zack replied, "but the shop ladies don't represent the position of the union."

Whoever may or may not speak for unions on access channels, the group was told that at least one union group is doing more about cable than just thinking or worrying. The AFL-CIO Labor Council in Chicago, they were told, is considering bidding for a cable franchise. Throughout the morning, the various subjects—unionization, professionalism versus amateurs, labor use of cable—were revisited, and debate was lively. It was hard to shut off the discussion at lunchtime.

Some days after the Washington seminar, a reporter called Art Korff, an organizer for the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, who had been involved in organizing the workers at Sterling Manhattan Cable TV in New York City. Korff had attended the seminar and was eager to discuss the issues; in particular, he was anxious that one aspect of his union's position be understood.

"I'm sure you know," he said, "that the unions do not wish to destroy public access. Our view is exactly the opposite. We want public access to thrive and grow, if for no other reason than that public access is strongly in our interest. We plan to use it."

For all parties involved, however, dialogue and decision have barely begun, and a hard road lies ahead. Here are a few of the issues:

Unity of the community television experience. Many, probably most people in the community television movement, believe that television, the most powerful medium in modern society, must be demystified and put in the hands of the public. Individuals must have the experience of creating television. They must, however, have the full experience, not just part of it. At the seminar Red Burns gave memorable expression to the movement's credo: "The manner in which one acquires his stock of knowledge is part of that knowledge."

How is this to be reconciled with the unions' equally strong belief that the welfare of many workers requires that part of the process be retained in professional hands?

An immediate area of conflict is the use of videotape cameras, and the operation of the equipment for showing videotapes in the studios of cable systems whose workers have been unionized. In a current situation that could easily become typical, community video groups are still able to make tapes outside the studio of a cable system that has been unionized, but cannot tape programs in the studio, and are required to turn over to union personnel any tapes that they wish to have shown on the system. The group has in effect lost its home, and its spirit has been notably affected. "As a result," said one bitter videotaper, "the community hates the union." While this is undoubtedly overstated, it would be unwise of unions to ignore the potential of this issue for alienating the labor movement from legions of natural grass-roots allies, as community video comes to the cities and towns of the United States.

A potential solution to this problem, not yet explored, lies in noting and acting on the distinction between two different types of community channel on the cable: the local origination channel and the public access channel. Local origination is the name usually given to a channel controlled by the cable operator. The cable operator programs the channel, and retains the final say on what is or is not transmitted. He can, and often does, accept advertising on this channel and, in short, acts essentially as a broadcaster. The public access channel, as the name indicates, is the true soapbox. The cable operator does *not* choose the material to be shown on these channels. Anyone who wishes to appear or to show tapes, need only show up at the studio. The Federal Communications Commission's cable rules, adopted in March 1972, require that any

Barnell

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cable system constructed after that date in the nation's top 100 markets—which comprise 90 per cent of the U.S. population—have at least one channel dedicated to public access.

The question that naturally arises is, why not restrict the operation of cameras and transmission facilities on local origination channels to union personnel, but permit local video groups to become involved in all phases of the creation and transmission of the material shown on public access channels?

Labor's relationship to government and education channels. In its cable rules the FCC, in addition to mandating public access channels on top-100-market cable systems, also requires that such systems provide, without charge, one channel for governmental use and one channel for educational use. The commission made clear that the requirement for all three types of free channel was for an experimental five-year period, at which time their usage and value would be analyzed to determine future policy.

Labor's interest in strong development of education channels is self-evident. With regard to government channels, these can be used to transmit information on jobs available through state employment offices, on unemployment and welfare procedures, and many other types of government information on matters of direct interest to workers.

Creation of union-sponsored programming. One of labor's long-standing grievances has been its belief that America's system of commercial TV does not provide sufficient coverage of problems relating to labor. Unions share this grievance with many other interest groups in society. The coming of cable has, in effect, put them all in the position of having to put up or shut up. Channel space for labor programming will become available as the wired nation comes into being; in some places it is already here. But labor does not yet have policies and programs for developing its great opportunities.

To those who say that cable is not yet sufficiently developed for labor to advocate policies on programming, one must reply that, if it is sufficiently developed to be a candidate for unionization of workers, it is sufficiently developed for labor to create policies for its use.

Labor's relationship to alternate plans for cable development. So far, cable has developed as a commercially owned medium, with the operator retaining control over the use of many of his channels, and having the right to program some of them himself. Labor has only begun to come to grips with the question of what its policies should be with regard to this model of cable communications, and has not come to grips at all with the question of whether this model is the best both for labor and for the country.

One alternate model for cable development, usually called "common carrier," suggests that cable system ownership be completely divorced from cable programming—that the owner would merely lease channel space to others. The common carrier, suggested by me in "The Wired Nation" (*The Nation*, May 18, 1970), and by the President's Cabinet Committee on Cable Communications in its report released in January 1974, could transform labor's relation to the programming and transmission aspects of the medium, since the operator would do no programming and might not be the employer of cameramen and programming technicians.

Other models are also being proposed to overcome the problems of financing and construction cost that cable is encountering in urban centers. Cable's traditional services —more channels of over-the-air TV and a better picture —which have made it commercially successful in rural areas and in smaller towns and cities, may not be sufficiently attractive in metropolitan centers that enjoy better over-the-air TV service. Private capital for building the systems may therefore not be forthcoming, and other sources of funding may have to be sought.

Various plans now being proposed usually involve some type of public or governmental participation in building the systems, with civic boards and/or public authorities involved in certain aspects of their operation. If labor does not develop positions on such proposals now, it will have no complaint if the plans, when inaugurated, turn out to be ill-advised or insufficiently responsive to labor's needs.

Involvement of labor leadership in communications policy making. Labor has a great stake in the new media of communications, and the way in which they evolve. Yet several participants in the Labor Studies Center seminar said that one of their problems was the lack of interest in the issues on the part of labor's top leadership. "This group here isn't a 'power group,'" one union organizer said. "The problem is, how do we reach the real power people in the unions? Too many of them have the attitude, 'Let's keep on doing things the way we are doing them now.'"

The agenda is twofold. First, labor must develop specific policies with regard to the role of workers in these new fields, and with regard to using the new technologies by labor for its own goals. Second, in the national dialogue that has been swirling around these technologies, and out of which America's new communications policies will emerge, the voice of labor has been notably absent. In many of the FCC's Notices of Inquiry regarding new rule-making proceedings in these areas, one can find thoughtful responses filed by nearly every segment of the community—business, trade associations, community groups, churches, colleges and universities, civil rights organizations, political action groups—but one looks in vain for filings by unions or by the combined labor movement, on behalf of their members or in the interest of the nation at large.

This failure of labor to participate in one of the most important dialogues of our time should be speedily repaired. Union members have a right to be represented in the policy-making proceedings that will govern the coming of the new communications to America. And the nation, for its part, cannot create intelligent policy without the participation of labor. □

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PART WAY TO REFORM

MARK PINSKY

Durham, N.C.

On December 5, more than 2,000 delegates to the first National Policy Conference of the Democratic Party—"the mini-convention"—will gather in Kansas City, Mo. The three-day meeting will follow the midterm Congressional elections by a month and, if the polls are accurate, delegates will probably be thinking more of the recent Democratic gains in both houses of Congress than of the historic Democratic charter they have come to ratify.

Since delegates to the National Policy Conference (NPC) wil be chosen according to the new guidelines established by the Mikulski Commission on Delegate Selection, the group will resemble neither the Chicago convention of 1968 nor Miami in 1972. Instead, it will be a preview of the 1976 Democratic Convention and perhaps even of the party itself in the next decade. Should the post-election euphoria hold, the NPC will overwhelmingly approve the first charter in the party's history and quickly move on to resolutions thanking National Chairman Robert Strauss for at long last delivering the party from debt. And, Strauss being Strauss, one can expect a grand finale up on the podium, featuring half a dozen leading contenders for the 1976 national ticket, all beaming, with clasped hands upraised, as the band plays *Happy Days Are Here Again.*

Lost in the hoopla and self-congratulation may be the charter itself, and all the work that went into it: more than two years of planning, five meetings of the full, 154-member Charter Commission, one-day hearings in nearly half the fifty states. Also overlooked may be the fact that, in the end, all that labor brought forth a mouse, an innocuous document (and, worse yet, a dull one), when either a ringing manifesto, a stirring set of principles or a hardheaded blueprint for a national party might have been drafted. In the name of unity, the party of Jefferson, Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy will have produced a charter of convenience, more reminiscent of James K. Polk and James Buchanan. For this accomplishment, Chairman Strauss will no doubt offer the Charter Commission and its chairman, former North Carolina Gov. Terry Sanford, his effusive thanks.

A very different kind of charter nearly came into force two years ago. In 1972, before the Miami convention, two party commissions, the Fraser Commission on Delegate Selection and Party Structure (named for its chairman, Rep. Donald Fraser [D., Minn.] but often referred to as the "McGovern Commission," after its first chairman) and the O'Hara Commission on Rules (named for its chairman, Rep. James O'Hara [D., Mich.]) drew up a charter for the Democratic Party. That charter, reproduced as an appendix to a green, 114-page booklet entitled "Call to Order . . . ," provided for a party of dues-paying, card-carrying Democrats. The Democratic National Committee was to be a regionally, racially and sexually balanced body of 350, half of whose members were to be elected by state caucuses, which would meet six times a year. The centerpiece of the 1972 charter was a provision for quadrennial National Policy Conferences, held on even-numbered, non-Presidential years. At that NPC, which would involve about 3,000 delegates, Democrats would elect the national chairperson to a four-year term and determine specific national policy positions. Unstated, but implied, was the assumption that Democratic candidates for the House and Senate would then campaign for midterm election on the basis of these national party positions.

The 1972 charter also recommended a number of practical steps to provide for the "new elements" brought into the party in the 1972 campaign. To facilitate participation in party conventions and policy conferences on the part of the poor, blue-collar workers and the young, functions were to be shifted from big cities and resort areas on the East and West Coasts to college campuses in the Midwest. Subsidies for delegates were also suggested. Clearly, that charter, with its recommendations, would have defined an entirely different kind of Democratic Party: a strong, open, ideologically coherent party on the European model.

Not surprisingly, conservative and regular Democrats who took the time to read the charter were appalled, realizing that such changes were far more threatening to them than the candidacy of George McGovern. Two weeks before the Miami convention, the House Democratic caucus voted 105 to 50 that the Fraser/O'Hara charter was "not in the best interests of the party." Ten days later, the Democratic Governors in Miami voted unanimously to postpone, and thus kill, consideration of the charter. That pressure was passed on to Representative Fraser, who at first resisted, calling postponements a "campaign of attrition by delay," but in the end he caved in. The McGovern strategists reasoned, as they had on other highly charged floor fights, that if their man lost, any new charter would be tossed out along with the new national chairwoman. On the other hand, if he won, he could always resubmit the Fraser/O'Hara charter for ratification.

As a sop to delegates sincerely interested in restructuring the Democratic Party, yet another commission—the Democratic Charter Commission—was mandated to "complete" the work of the Fraser and O'Hara commissions by drafting a charter to be ratified before the end of 1974. (A separate Commission on Delegate Selection, later headed by Baltimore Councilwoman Barbara Mikulski, was set up to "safeguard" the work of the McGovern/Fraser commission.) Between the convention and the election, Democratic National Chairwoman Jean Westwood nominated Terry Sanford to head the Charter Commission. She had never met Sanford and appointed

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him mainly on the recommendations of Robert Vance, an anti-Wallace Alabama Democrat who heads the association of state Democratic chairmen, and its executive director, Spencer Oliver. The reasoning behind the Sanford appointment was dictated by the same hard-eyed practicality that accepted the postponement: Sanford was liberal enough to turn out an innovative charter if McGovern won, but acceptable enough to party regulars, Southerners and the AFL-CIO to insure that he would not be dumped in the event of a Nixon landslide. But just to hedge the bet, Westwood appointed all 100 members of the Charter Commission without consulting Sanford (although scrupulously observing the McGovern/Fraser guidelines) and appointed Rick Stearns, the McGovern strategist, general counsel.

The appointment plucked the 56-year-old Sanford out of political obscurity. For fifteen years, his rise in North Carolina politics had been meteoric. As a protégé of then Governor (later U.S. Senator) Kerr Scott, he went from state president of the Young Democrats, to state Senator, to Governor in 1960, at the age of 43. Immediately following his state primary victory, he went to the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles, where he endorsed and then seconded the nomination of John Kennedy. Later in the campaign, Sanford toured North Carolina with Kennedy. In the years that followed, the two got on so well that President Kennedy told his personal secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, that he had in mind replacing Lyndon Johnson on the 1964 ticket with Terry Sanford. That, according to Lincoln's diary, was the week before Dallas.

Sanford spent the years following his term in office (North Carolina Governors cannot succeed themselves) making money in his law practice and writing books (*But What About the People?, Storm Over the States*). In 1968, he got the political itch again and considered running for the U.S. Senate against long-time rival Sam Ervin, but backed out when a poll indicated he would lose. Later in 1968, he was mentioned as a possible Democratic National Chairman, but was passed over for Fred Harris, and again for Lawrence O'Brien. In 1972, his short-lived Presidential campaign began and ended with a defeat by George Wallace in the North Carolina primary.

Now president of Duke University, in Durham, N.C., Terry Sanford still believes in the Democratic Party the way some people believe in the Methodist Church. "Whatever good has been done in this country," he is fond of saying, "has been done by the Democratic Party." Throughout his life, he has been a totally loyal soldier in the Democratic army, going down to the line with the national ticket, even when it meant going down the drain in his own state. Sanford seconded Hubert Humphrey's nomination in Chicago and served as national chairman of Citizens for Humphrey. That year, 1968, the Democratic Presidential nominee finished third in North Carolina, behind Nixon and Wallace. In 1972, Sanford campaigned for George McGovern. When the dust settled from that debacle, Republicans in North Carolina had elected a Governor, a U.S. Senator, four of eleven Congressmen and a quarter of the state legislature—better than they had done since Reconstruction.

Aside from his party loyalty, Sanford is considered a knowledgeable innovator in the areas of education and federalism. On race, his credentials as a "Southern liberal" are impeccable, dating back to his role in the 1950 Senatorial campaign of Frank Porter Graham, now considered a classic victim of race-baiting. Despite all this experience with defeat, Sanford doesn't like to be on the losing side when he can avoid it, and he is normally very shrewd in his political judgments. One of his few mistaken predictions was the observation that Robert Strauss didn't have the clout to unseat Jean Westwood.

When Robert Strauss became Democratic National Chairman, he found three commissions in operation: the Mikulski commission, the Sanford commission and the Humphrey commission (on Vice Presidential Selection). At the outset, he made it plain that his objectives for all three commissions were quite different from those of the convention which had mandated them. In unmistakable shorthand, the Strauss mandate read: *make sure another convention like Miami never happens again.* For the Mikulski commission, that meant dismantling the "quota" system widely (but incorrectly) thought to have been established by the McGovern/Fraser guidelines. For Humphrey and his commission, it meant finding some way—any way—"to avoid another Eagleton."

For the Charter Commission, Strauss had in mind a party organization which bore no resemblance whatever to the 1972 version, and one which would be approved at the first and only National Party Conference. He wasted little time in sending Sanford the message. First, he appointed an additional fifty-four delegates, mostly conservatives and regulars, to the commission (like Westwood, without consulting Sanford, but unlike Westwood, disregarding the McGovern/Fraser guidelines) and forced Stearns to resign as general counsel. Then, after the first meeting of the full commission, Strauss established a separate sixteen-member planning group to select a site for the NPC, and he insisted that the gathering not be held until after the 1974 midterm elections. Although the national chairman got his way on these matters, he subsequently lost on three others: the size of the gathering (he wanted only 600, the commission decided on 2,035), the duration (he wanted a one-day affair, but settled for a weekend), and the ousting of another former McGovern staffer as commission consultant (he stayed on for another month).

Professing to see no slight or usurpation in any of these actions (or others—neither Westwood nor Strauss offered him a slot on the Democratic National Committee), Sanford offered to raise funds independently for the Charter Commission ($175,000 to date). The frugal Strauss leaped at the offer, only to find attached to it the strings that Sanford would do the staff hiring and that the main office for the commission would be in Durham, rather than Washington. This enabled Sanford and the commission to keep safely remote from the perpetual palace intrigues that envelop the national committee.

The first full meeting of the Democratic Charter Commission, which took place in Washington, D.C., in early April 1973, was a largely ceremonial affair, held in one of the Senate committee rooms. The confusion as to the

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commission's mandate was summed up by H. Pat Taylor, the sleepy-eyed former lieutenant governor of North Carolina, who made his way to a floor microphone during one session to insist that "I'm not going to vote on anything until I find out what we're here for." (Taylor resigned from the commission shortly thereafter.) Despite the apparent lack of forward movement, a considerable number of commission members knew exactly what they were there for. A political dynamic had evolved even before the Washington meeting.

On the Right, the AFL-CIO/COPE people had made representations to some Southern conservatives, as well as delegates from big city machines. Prominent among these commission members were Evelyn Dubrow, of the ILGWU, Tommy Carroll, a close associate of Kentucky Gov. Wendell Ford, and Representative O'Hara. From the sidelines, this group was actively supported by Al Barkan, head of COPE, who sought to act as coach of the conservative forces. The cheerleading assignment went to an organization called the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, headed by Penn Kemble. Included on the coalition's roster are Norman Podhoretz, Daniel Bell, Bayard Rustin and Albert Shanker. Also featured in the coalition's series of strongly worded, full-page ads were a number of notables from the Johnson administration and Sen. Henry Jackson's abortive Presidential campaign. According to its ads, the coalition's rather ambitious goals were the purging of all "New Politics" elements from party leadership and the nomination of Jackson in 1976.

On the Left, such as it is, huddles a much smaller group of the dreaded "New Politics" people. Loosely, these included supporters of McCarthy, Robert Kennedy and George McGovern, as well as some newly involved women, blacks, young people and ethnic minorities. From organized labor came representatives of the Communications Workers and ASFCME. The leading Charter Commission members of the liberal group are Anne Wexler of Connecticut, Jean Westwood and Representative Fraser, who had, in the interim, become chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. To counter the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, there sprang to life the Democratic Planning Group, led by former national committee staffer Alan Baron. When asked, the liberals would maintain that their aim was to preserve the innovations of the 1972 Fraser/O'Hara charter, and build on them toward a strong, national Democratic Party. But from the very start, they have been fighting a rear-guard action.

Somewhere between the Right and the Left—generally in a swing position on major votes—was a group of loyalist Democrats who wanted only that there should be peace in the party until 1976, so that they and the party could get back into power. Their line, often repeated at commission meetings, was a variation on the theme that "the lesson of 1968 and 1972 is that the bird won't fly with one wing," meaning that the desertion of either the Left or Right would mean disaster again in 1976. It is in this group that one usually finds Chairman Sanford.

Three months after the Washington meeting the Charter Commission held its second full meeting on the campus of Colorado State University in Fort Collins. By this time state hearings—generally dull, harmonious affairs dubbed "Terry's Traveling Medicine Show"—had been held in nine states, and matters of substance at Fort Collins were first considered in small panel discussions. There was no little grumbling on the part of commission members unused to staying in dormitories or their equivalent. As in Washington, decisions on substantive issues were avoided. However, on the one critical vote, the commission voted 52 to 50 against considering any matters of party policy other than the charter at the 1974 Policy Conference, a position that many of the majority felt reflected the views of Chairman Strauss. At the same time, the commission reached a compromise on the size of the Policy Conference, 2,035, which was closer to the 3,000 envisioned by the Fraser/O'Hara charter than the 600 figure suggested by Strauss.

A lot more than 1,800 miles separated the college dormitories of Fort Collins from the glass elevators of the Regency-Hyatt Hotel in downtown Atlanta, where the third meeting of the Charter Commission was held in mid-November 1973. Atlanta marked the halfway point in the life of the commission, equidistant from the 1972 election and the 1974 National Policy Conference. The commission would meet twice more before the ratification conference, and by the time of the fourth meeting in March 1974, a preliminary draft had to be on the table. Since Fort Collins, the Mikulski commission had reached a compromise set of guidelines, which are to be used in selecting delegates to the Policy Conference. In a surprising move, Chairman Strauss had reversed the commission's close vote on agenda, thus permitting policy matters other than the charter to be discussed at the conference.

For all the easy talk of unity at the first two Charter Commission meetings, questions of a basic nature had to be dealt with amidst the surreal opulence of the Regency. More all-day panels and late-night strategy sessions were followed, finally, by a long and complicated straw vote. Simply put, commission members were polled on a series of policy alternatives. This method allowed them to vote for a list of sometimes contradictory responses to an issue, the purpose being to indicate to members of the drafting committee (the entire executive committee) the consensus of the group. What emerged from the straw vote was what most had expected: the Charter Commission is now overwhelmingly opposed to all of the major concepts and provisions of the 1972 Fraser/O'Hara charter. Even before the final vote, the liberals had written off everything but the quadrennial National Policy Conference, albeit without any remaining power. The only thing that saved that scrap of the old charter was the intervention of Joseph Crangle, New York State Democratic Chairman.

"I'm convinced that if we had had a National Policy Conference in the 1960s we could have brought pressure on the White House to end the war," he told the commission members in Atlanta. Crangle never made clear whether his observation referred to the damage done to Vietnam or to the Democratic Party.

Since Atlanta, activity on the Charter Commission and in preparation for the National Policy Conference has accelerated. The drafting committee met in Wash-

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ington, January 27-29. February 1 was the official deadline for state parties to submit plans for the election of delegates to the conference in Kansas City (only fifteen states made the deadline). Here in Durham, the Charter Commission is moving from its suite above Ken's Quickie Mart, just off the Duke campus, to more dignified quarters in a nearby office building. The Wallace forces (with only one member on the entire commission) have announced that they intend to mount a nationwide effort to elect delegates to go to Kansas City to combat any "centralization" of the party.

Until the meeting in Atlanta, Chairman Sanford was able to minimize conflict on the Charter Commission by letting anyone and everyone speak for as long and as often as he or she wanted, by blurring the differences between people and then postponing any decision making until the last possible moment. That is all over now. Despite the good-hearted obfuscation, in Atlanta one could see the light going on in the eyes of more thoughtful commission members. After a year of dancing around the question of the future of party politics in America, the pragmatic technicians, amateur activists and faithful hacks of the Democratic Party realized that what divided them was a fundamental contradiction.

On one side were people who believe that the primary role of the Democratic Party is to get candidates elected to office. That being the case, their first concern is *voters* and it is in their interest that the party represent the lowest common denominator, ideologically, and the least amount of national centralization. "We stood for something in 1972," said Tommy Carroll, "and look where it got us."

Opposed to this view are the New Politics people, as well as some party bureaucrats and machine politicians like Joe Crangle, who believe that the party is an organism of governance and a vehicle for service and social change. Perhaps looking ahead to public financing of political campaigns, when candidates of both parties might be equally funded, they are almost as concerned with attracting party *members* and party *workers* as voters. Or, as Crangle put it, "The party isn't just a truck that some candidate with a pretty face and a lot of money can get behind the wheel of and drive wherever he wants to go, and then forget about."

The draft charter of the Democratic Party is now complete. It incorporates a number of recent reforms: affirmative action programs and open meeetings "at all levels" of the party, further expansion of the Democratic National Committee (to 350) and a mandated National Policy Conference to be held quadrennially on even-number, non-Presidential years. The decision on the NPC represented a surprise victory for liberals on the Charter Commission, which met in Washington, D.C. March 16-18. Even so the vote was 37 to 37 with chairman Terry Sanford breaking the tie in favor of the liberals. However, the liberals agreed to give the Democratic National Committee complete authority in determining the size, date, place, nature and agenda for the NPCs and also agreed that the NPC could only make recommendations to the national committee and could in no case take any action in the name of the party. The Wallace people are not pleased with the charter, but barring a ground swell for Wallace in delegate contests, it will be ratified. □

SMALLER IS BETTER

NIGHT THOUGHTS ABOUT PROGRESS

E. F. SCHUMACHER

London

The thoughtful businessman, it seems to me, finds himself today in an extraordinarily difficult and confusing situation. His thinking and acting have lost all unity; he leads a double life and engages in double-think. At his office, he thinks and acts on the basis of one set of assumptions; but when he gets home, opens the papers and learned journals, switches on the television, or consults the books in current debate, he finds himself called upon to think and act on the basis of assumptions which are not merely different from, but diametrically opposed to, his workaday models.

The problems he encounters in both situations relate to the same subject matter, jet there is no real point of contact. The vocabulary is different; the diagnosis is different; the aims and objects are different; and the prospects are different. From 9 to 5, the businessman struggles for growth, expansion, rationalization, labor saving, job elimination, even automation; all meant, and expected, to lead to ever increasing prosperity, ease and happiness. After hours, however, he finds himself bombarded by urgent appeals to limit growth and by prophecies of doom, breakdown of civilization, ecological disaster and exhaustion of resources. During the day, he studies every conceivable way to speed things up; whereas after hours he cannot avoid encountering every conceivable argument in books like *The Limits to Growth* or *Blueprint for Survival*, calling for stabilization, for slowing down rather than speeding up. He finds himself confronted with analyses which suggest that it is from his successes, not his failures, that he has most to fear; that

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it is not the poor but the rich who threaten the survival of Spaceship Earth, not the unsuccessful but the successful, not the multitudes on the lower deck but the relatively small number of first-class passengers. His life is divided, every day, every week, between periods which bring tasks and challenges that cannot be reconciled.

A great many intelligent people respond to this situation with what may be called a refusal of consciousness. They pretend to themselves and others that only "9 to 5" is reality; the rest is fad, fashion, idle chatter, the invention of TV producers, the special pleading of vested interests, or a Communist plot. Or else, a bit more research will solve all problems. For those who cannot take this escapist route, life is difficult indeed—and not a few of them freely admit it. However doubtful they may be about any one specific argument offered by the warners, they know that the modern world is in crisis, that acceleration does not put you right when you are on the wrong track, and that infinite growth, of a material kind, does not make sense in a finite world.

And young people, in particular, are questioning a system within which they themselves are by no means deprived; they are questioning it *philosophically*—not merely technically or politically. How could we fail to take such questioning seriously, if only because it is our children who are asking, and it is they who will inherit the world from us?

Now, what is their basic criticism? Is it a fear that the limits to growth may be quite near and our system incapable of breaking through them? Is it a fear that "the Establishment" may now wish to slow down or even stop the kind of "growth" we have had during the last twenty-five years? Is it a fear that "the system" will not build nuclear reactors fast enough to cope with the continuing oil crisis? Is it an anxiety that we may not be able to maintain our standard of living, that there may be starvation or penury because "the system" will not allow science and technology to solve all problems in accordance with the slogan: "We do the impossible at once; miracles take a little longer"?

Assuredly not! Such anxieties and fears have nothing whatsoever to do with the youth revolution. The revolution is about the basic human values which are being sacrificed and abandoned by the very successes of "the system." If you told them that there are no limits to growth, that everybody can be affluent provided only he "adapts," that the world is a cornucopia which vouchsafes limitless material advance, you would thrust them into melancholy, and—if they believed you—they would commit suicide.

"Growth," if applied to the affluent societies, is to them a dirty word. "Limits to growth" or "zero-growth," if applied to two-thirds of humanity, the poor people of the Third World, is to them, also, a dirty word. I am talking about the best among the young, not about drug addicts or other escapists. We cannot write them off; we must take them seriously. They are not foreigners whom we might leave to stew in their own juice. They are ourselves. They externalize that part within ourselves which I describe as our own thinking and feeling "after hours."

Predictions abound that by the end of the century fifty companies will rule the world. Already, the budgets of the biggest companies are bigger than those of the majority of nations. (An extrapolation of the trend would show that in fifty or sixty years there will be only one multinational company to do everything. And if the personnel manager does not like you, you have had it!)

What causes this trend to giantism, which is so offensive to the young, and indeed *to human nature as such*? I suggest it is the trend of technology. Big technology demands big organizations; monster technology demands monster organizations; and super-monster technology demands super-monster organizations.

So it is the trend of technology we must scrutinize. Nineteenth-century technology led the economists to the idea of economies of scale—the bigger the better. There was truth in this idea and it worked. But we have come a long way since then, and in the second half of the 20th century it is not difficult to see that things can become too big—that there are diminishing returns in the economies of scale—and bigness puts people off. Nor is it difficult to see that we now have a science and the *possibility* of technology to make things small again. Today it is true to say that "the economies of scale" was a 19th-century truth which, because of the advance of science and of technological skills, has become—if not all along the line, certainly over wide fields of application—a 20th-century myth.

I know that most people have not discovered this yet, but that is only because myths are powerful and tend to blind people to new truth. Having tried this particular new truth—albeit, initially, only in the context of the developing countries—I have found that it works. There is no reason at all why we should submit to so-called trends, when they make our lives miserable and destroy our self-respect and when they destroy living nature around us and exhaust the earth's nonrenewable resources.

What we need are design studies for mini-plants. An example is a study which the Intermediate Technology Development Group in London has recently brought to a successful conclusion. The problem was egg packaging. I had encountered numerous situations in developing countries where farmers could not get their eggs to market because they could not get hold of egg trays, or, in fact, any packaging material. The smallest unit to produce egg trays, it emerged on investigation, would cost something in the region of £250,000 and turn out a million egg trays a month. The people who needed the egg trays had neither that kind of money nor that size requirement. They could do nothing, then, except go on relying on imports, which had proved unreliable and for which they lacked foreign exchange. The raw material needed for the production of egg trays is waste paper, of which they had a plentiful supply and which they exported at throw-away prices.

Although the manufacturers of the existing production units claimed that anything smaller than their smallest would be hopelessly uneconomic, a small unit—a "mini-plant"—was designed, by going back to "first principles." It was successfully manufactured and is now on sale, costing 2 or 3 per cent of the smallest unit hitherto available and with a capacity of the same order. Far from being uneconomic, the small unit eliminates the

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need for large and complex business organization, heavy long-distance transport, concentrated raw material and energy supplies. Socially speaking, fifty small units will, of course, have an effect very different from that of one large unit. Production, hitherto reserved to those already rich and powerful, becomes accessible again to "the small man" in a small place, outside the big city.

The example of the egg-packing-material unit is by no means unique. At the same time, I must emphasize that the number of available examples is still small—not because the opportunities are limited but because the work has not been done. In general, people would rather talk about the problems of our time than do something about them. The doing, I am sure, will have to include—as perhaps its most important component—systematic design work to make things small again, to bring them back to human scale.

The implications of a technology moving ever more rapidly in the direction of giantism, complexity and violence are becoming so clear that no great gifts of prophecy are needed to understand where they are taking us. In human terms, giantism leads to frustration all round; it entails a degree of specialization that destroys work satisfaction and produces fragmentary men, too specialized to be wise. In social terms, it means exclusion: an ever increasing proportion of mankind finds itself excluded from the productive process, except in the role of technological gap fillers, whether on the factory floor or in some vast, "open-style" office. The frustration and exclusion disrupt all traditional life patterns and engender widespread irresponsibility, which may well be the most important factor behind the so-called population explosion. In ecological terms, it means damage: the tolerance margins of nature are, it seems, very well adjusted to the "human scale," but—as we can observe only too frequently—they cannot cope with giantism and the violence of super-technology. In resources terms, it means exhaustion. Gigantic industrial concentrations, operating gigantic machines whose primary object is to "save" human labor, have to rely exclusively on highly concentrated resources; this means that naturally concentrated resources, like high-grade ores and the best fossil fuels, are used with the greatest profligacy, while the artificial "concentration" of resources further increases the need for high-grade fuels.

We should now give some real thought to the possibility of reforming our technology in the directions of smallness, simplicity and nonviolence. Striving for nonviolence would mean to try to work with the gentle and incredibly efficient methods of nature instead of bludgeoning nature and forcing one's way through her. Biological processes are normally far less violent than mechanical ones; prevention is nonviolent as compared with cure; recycling is nonviolent as compared with so-called "disposal." Giantism, of course, is of the very nature of violence: it violates all the laws of harmony and balance. We can also say that mass production is violent, whereas production by the masses may be nonviolent. It can easily be seen that smallness—that is, fitting the human scale; simplicity—that is, fitting the fundamentally simple requirements and interests of man; and nonviolence—that is, fitting the *modus operandi* of living nature around us—that these three belong closely together and are really three different aspects of the same thing. It is the opposite of hubris, of the cocksureness of narrow specialists, for whom nobody could be more incomprehensible than Sir Isaac Newton when he said:

> I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

There is nothing more dangerous than the ruthless application of fragmentary knowledge, yet ruthlessness is written all over our present-day technology. If we pride ourselves on the progress made in science and technology since the days of Newton, we should be all the more confident that we can design a survival technology which will amplify life instead of leading straight into ecological disaster. The battle of the future will be between two groups of innovators, whom we might name "the people of the forward stampede" on the one side, and "the homecomers" on the other. The former always talk about "breakthroughs"—a breakthrough a day keeps the crisis at bay—and these breakthroughs almost invariably imply more violence, more inescapable subjugation of man under the requirements of "the system." The latter are concerned with bringing things back to human scale, to real human requirements, and to the organic harmonies of nature.

Agriculture is a vivid example. A great deal of agricultural R&D is going on under various auspices all over the world; it is almost exclusively in the direction of larger scale, greater complexity and more violence. "Organic" agriculture, based on the proper recycling of organic materials, decentralization, diversification and other "natural" principles, receives virtually no official attention, let alone support. Yet it can be said that agricultural systems which utterly and completely depend on the chemical and pharmaceutical industries, which in turn utterly and completely depend on the free availability of nonrenewable materials such as oil, leave much to be desired—particularly if they cannot guarantee the long-term health of soil, plants, animals and men. In Britain an organization called the "Soil Association" has been exploring these problems for twenty-five years—and never received any official support. It is in touch with farmers in many countries who farm productively and profitably without depending on significant inputs from the chemical industry.

Technological talents will have a new direction in which to work, and of course they will have to work with the fullness of modern knowledge and ability. The "homecomers" will require more creativity than "the people of the forward stampede." It takes a touch of genius and a lot of courage to move toward simplicity. One would not expect, therefore, that more than a small fraction of the current R&D will be switched into the new direction; but that small fraction is the price we must pay if we wish to survive. And it needs to be done everywhere—in government, in industry, in agriculture and in academic institutions. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Ballad of 'Amado Muro'

WILLIAM RINTOUL

In May 1970, the police of Big Spring, Tex., booked a shabbily dressed middle-aged transient whom they had taken off a freight train, holding him overnight to see if he was wanted anywhere. In his possession they found seaman's papers with a faded photograph of the man when he was younger, and a membership card in the St. Louis Newspaper Guild. In the morning, they released the transient, not knowing that he was a prolific writer whose work is studied in American universities as a supplement to courses in Mexican-American literature.

The transient was the late American writer who wrote under the pseudonym Amado Muro, and has been described as a man "who seems to have written more good short fiction than any other young Mexican-American" (*The Chicano*, New American Library, 1971), and as "one of the most promising Mexican-American writers" (*Forgotten Pages of American Literature*, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1970). He was neither young nor Mexican-American. The deception was a gentle one, designed to shield a writer who wanted fame no more than did B. Traven. The writer was Chester Seltzer, 55 years old when he was locked up in Big Spring, self-described as an obscure journalist, and my close friend.

Seltzer rode freight trains, worked in the crops, went to sea, lived on skid rows, sometimes worked on newspapers—and, from the time he was 20 until he was 56, when he died in El Paso, wrote short stories that may be the best that have been written in this country about men on the road and in the fields, at the missions, and in the villages of Mexico.

He wrote of men with "eyes so deep-set that the shadows around them looked like bruises" ("Two Skid Row Sketches," *Arizona Quarterly*, Autumn 1971), whose clothes were "so ragged they tied them on with binder twine" ("Hungry Men," *Arizona Quarterly*, Spring 1967), who "bleached the four-dollar blood bank's finger marks off with Clorox so they wouldn't have to wait six weeks to put down again" ("Night Train to Fort Worth," *The Texas Observer*, September 15, 1967).

Stories of people who live "on the long, dusty streets in Chihuahua that hold more poor Mexicans than jails do" have begun to make Seltzer famous, but if there is ever a movement aimed at a general discovery of the lives of quiet desperation lived in poverty's dim ranks, Seltzer is going to be even more widely read. He was not interested in commercial success, and the basement of the aging 2-story house he occupied with his family in the Sunset Heights district of El Paso is filled with manuscripts never offered to any publisher, including countless notebooks filled with the reportage of a lifetime spent among those whose stories are most often told in the words of others.

He chose not to write his own painful story. As a young newspaperman in Bexar County, Tex., Seltzer stood before a judge and said he didn't want to kill anybody. The time was World War II. The judge told Seltzer he would be an instrument of the state, and therefore it would be the state, not him, who was doing the killing. Seltzer thought the distinction would be small consolation for the man he killed. He told the judge, "If you believe that, you need help more than I do." The FBI man asked him where he'd gotten his ideas. He had no strong claim of formal religion to fall back on. He knew reporters were supposed to be brash men with press cards stuck in their hats, hard-boiled, hurrying to break the news of the latest murder. He told the FBI man he'd gotten his ideas from various sources. He mentioned Tolstoy. The FBI man looked up from his notes and wanted to know where he could get ahold of this Tolstoy. Seltzer told the FBI man that would be hard to do because Tolstoy had been dead for years. He didn't wish to cloud Tolstoy's reputation, so he added that Tolstoy had put in his time in the army. The FBI man looked disdainful. He said, "I bet he wasn't an officer."

At Lewisburg Penitentiary, Seltzer worked in the quarry, then at breaking rock for the guards' parking lot. He joined a hunger strike against racial discrimination in the prison, and it lasted sixty-six days. The doctor the prisoners called Dr. Faustus force-fed him with a "garden hose" that cut his nostrils, making him breathe like a dog.

When he was released, he went home to Cleveland, where he had grown up in a comfortable home with a father, mother and sister who loved him and whom he loved. His father, Louis B. Seltzer, was the editor of the *Cleveland Press*, an influential figure in American journalism who could have helped him and wanted to help him, could have gotten him another start. But the son had his own life to live, and after a few days he rode off on a freight train, heading West.

It wasn't his first such ride nor would it be the last. He was drawn to the freights by "the lonesome dreary moan of a drag whistling the highball." He would always be fascinated by life on the rails and the hobos he met, like the man who told him:

> In San Luis Obispo, this mission preacher talked for an hour. Finally he said, "When one more comes to God, you can eat." Nobody knelt down at the altar though. That made him mad and he said he wouldn't let stiffs out until they nosedived. I'm a ram—not a sheep—so I made him open the door.
>
> "Going Short," *The Mexican-American, August 1968*

He froze on a Nickel Plate freight when the temperature was 12 below, and he rode a "hot man" out of Tucson until his throat was so dry he could not talk. He rode an empty with open laths toward Fort Worth with snow hitting him in the face, and once he crawled into a length of big-diameter pipe to get out of the rain on a flatcar carrying pipe for a Houston oil company. He knew what it's like to ride behind the Big Jack engine, thundering over a highball stretch so fast the wheels are skipping on the rail joints, and what it's like to ride the tops, and the terrible feeling hanging up there when the train is balling and shaking. He watched out for jackrollers and blindsiders, and the yard bulls, the Denver Bobs and the Texas Slims. And once on a freezing night heading West out of Sierra Blanca, Tex., about a year before Seltzer died, a Texas & Pacific brakeman said, "I can't tell you to ride in there," and smiled and turned away while he climbed into the cab of the diesel, where there was heat and drinking water.

He knew the Rescue Missions and the Midnight Missions, the Sunshine Missions and the Sally's Harbor Lights, and Sister Bessie's Mission, where you got three slices of bread and gravy and unsweetened coffee for breakfast, and a stale doughnut if the bakeries came through.

William Rintoul is a California writer living in Bakersfield. He has published articles in such magazines as California Crossroads *and* The Mexican-American.

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On New Year's Day, 1970, TV cameramen went to the Salvation Army's Harbor Light Center at 9th and Market Streets in St. Louis to take the pictures of homeless men that are a standard feature of news coverage during the holiday season. Among the unidentified men whose faces were shown to television audiences that evening was "Amado Muro." At the time, his story "María Tepache" (*Arizona Quarterly*, Winter 1969) was being cited in *The Best American Short Stories* as one of the distinctive stories of the year. It is about a poor Mexican shopkeeper who feeds a wanderer too destitute to pay. The listing was one of at least seven he had received in the annual since 1944 when "A Peddler's Notebook," published in *Southwest Review*, was cited. Ironically, his stories were listed in the section reserved for foreign authors publishing in American magazines.

Seltzer chopped bumblebee cotton at Big Spring for 50¢ an hour, made $1.50 topping carrots at Phoenix, picked peaches at Modesto and cotton at Gila Bend, where they'd holler "coontail" when they saw a rattlesnake and two Mexicans got bitten in one afternoon. He knew labor camps like Down-the-Road Dugan's and Wild Grass Woodie's and Indian Bill's, and went out with day haulers like Cadillac Jack, Portagee Joe and Uncle Bill, and lived in the Fruit Pickers Cothouse and Red's flophouse with the men who were caught "in the nightmarish cycle of missions, labor camps, freight trains and the law and Sweet Lucy."

In between times, he worked on newspapers, at least fifteen of them, including the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. He worked in, among other towns, Las Cruces, N.M.; San Diego and Bakersfield, Calif.; New Orleans, La.; Prescott, Ariz.; and Dallas, San Antonio, Galveston, Wichita Falls and El Paso, Tex. While working for the El Paso *Herald-Post* in the 1940s he met and married Amada Muro, a native of Chihuahua City, Mexico, who had grown up in El Paso. He adopted a variation of his wife's maiden name as his pseudonym. In the later years of their marriage, Amada and their two sons lived in El Paso while he traveled the railroads and farm fields, taking notes or, when money ran low, sought employment on a newspaper, going to a distant city while his family stayed home.

Of newspapering, he said, "All I want is a place where they have a Y and a mission or railroad yards." He liked to punch the light bag, run and work out with weights. He was a strong man, big enough to have boxed as a light heavyweight, and he could still do 235 pounds on the bench press when he was in his 50s; he said it consoled him for growing old. Toward the end of his life, a newspaper in Decatur, Ill. needed a wire editor. He sent them his résumé and they wrote back, interested. They also sent him a handbook of regulations. "It banned use of newspaper stationery," he wrote in a letter, "and said whistling or 'wrestling' in the office was cause for dismissal. It had strictures on dress, wearing a tie and suit, and not doing outside work of any kind, including writing, unless granted permission by one's supervisor. Nothing was said about the newspaper's policy or ideas on newsgathering so I concluded the trivial was more important than a newspaper's main objectives and thought it was a good place to stay away from. I've never wrestled in a newspaper office. I've whistled, though—sometimes even hummed, so wouldn't be much of a prospect."

The managing editor of a California newspaper assigned him to write editorials. Another war came along, this one in Southeast Asia. It wasn't until the war had gone on for a few years that there was growing resistance to it and to the toll of lives. From the beginning, he was against it. Of students who early opposed the war, he wrote in an editorial, ". . . they make up a moral force any nation should be proud of." It was not popular at that time to say that sort of thing, and what he wrote outraged many, including some who called him a Communist. "The funny thing," he said, "is I only met one Communist in my life—when I was covering the waterfront in New Orleans, and we discussed a seamen's strike, not ideologies." The owners of the newspaper supported the nation's intervention in Southeast Asia. They told him to dig in on the war protesters. He refused, and it cost him his place on the editorial page.

His stories found a home in university quarterlies. While he rode the Texas & Pacific freights to Big Spring and chopped cotton, his stories appeared in prestigious literary magazines. They sometimes paid him $20 or $25 a story, but more often paid nothing, as is the custom.

Eventually the anthologies found him, and in the last years of his life his stories appeared with regularity in collections, at least two of which are used as supplementary texts at the University of Texas at El Paso where his oldest son, Charles, graduated with a B.A. in English in 1973 and his younger son, Robert, is now a sophomore majoring in journalism. He told his wife Amada he didn't write to become famous, that he wrote because he liked to write, that he wrote for his own satisfaction.

On a hot July morning in El Paso three months before he died, a morning of the kind he liked to say fitted a man for work as one of Hell's gate-tenders, we sat talking for the last time. The talk turned to old times in Mexico. Once in Mexico City, he recounted, he sat with only a few pesos in his pocket, having breakfast on the balcony of a café on the Zócalo, sipping the strong *café con leche* that is a meal in itself, a newspaper unfolded beside him on the table. Looking out on people stirring peacefully in early morning sunlight, hopefully starting a new day, he said to himself, "Chester Seltzer, you are the luckiest man in the world."

On a Sunday morning early in October 1971, he died of a heart attack at Zamora's News Stand on Paisano Street in El Paso. He had gone there to look at magazines from Mexico City, and to talk. Two days later we buried him in El Paso's Evergreen Cemetery, which is bordered by the main railroad lines. It was a fresh fall day, with gray clouds drifting in a muted sky and a light breeze blowing. He had intended to "catch out" that morning for Odessa, 280 miles down the tracks. □

In Search of a Demanding Creed

SECRET JOURNAL AND OTHER WRITINGS. *By Pierre Drieu La Rochelle. Translated by Alastair Hamilton. Howard Fertig. 81 pp. $8.*

NORRIS MERCHANT

Pierre Drieu La Rochelle was an individualist gone astray. He failed, in the sense that he espoused a now damned political position. His further election of suicide was complex enough in its motives to elude those who saw in it only another defeat.

Drieu's *Secret Journal*, a meditation on self-destruction, with diary entries from the period, and *Final Reckoning*, his unused defense at a treason trial that never took place, have now been published in English. These works are emblematic of an epoch that is very distant from us in spirit, one in which a sensitive French intelligence could choose the Fascist cause, improbably hoping to save

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Europe from the prepotent besetting empires of East and West alike. When that scheme met with its historic collapse, he demanded, in his intended peroration before the anticipated tribunal, a verdict equal to what he had staked: "Be true to the pride of the Resistance as I am true to the pride of the Collaborators. Do not cheat me any more than I am cheating you. Sentence me to death." Brushing aside the opportunity for a secure existence in Geneva, he carried out his own sentence on himself, in Paris.

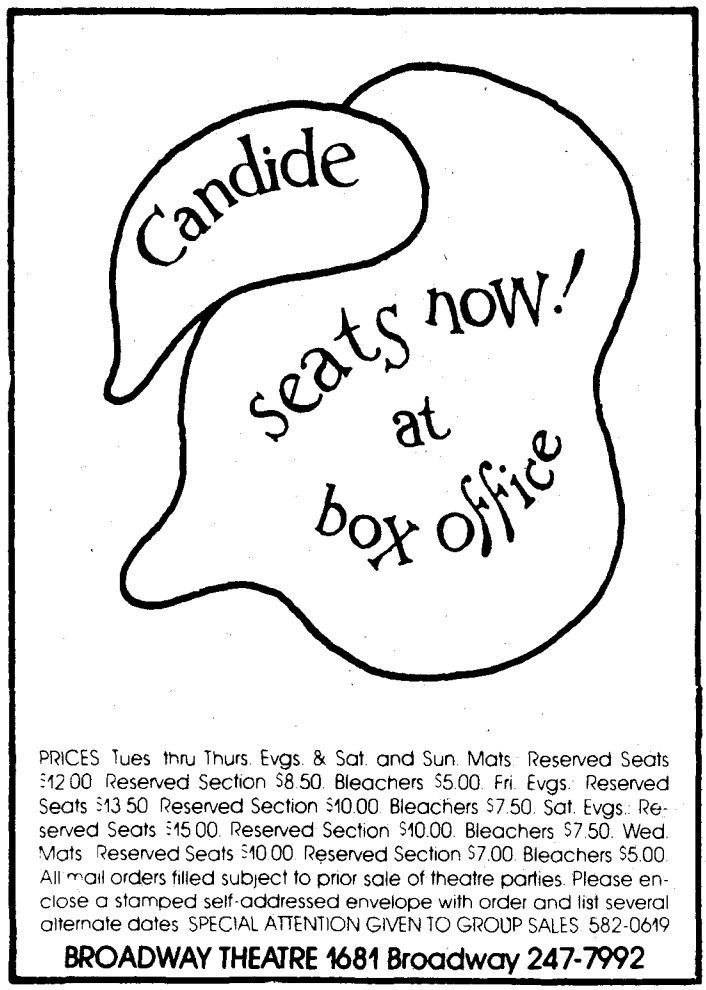
Fascism's posthumous reputation does not seem to accord with the experience of a writer like Drieu. For one thing, he long regarded himself as an ardent Socialist and revolutionary. He expended a fair amount of energy in the 1930s trying to prove that fascism was not a rightist movement; and an early dream, not to be realized, that the extremes of Right and Left, in their anti-bourgeois purity, might be fused against the middle. He thought that the greatest susceptibility to French fascism in those days might be found "amongst the young radicals and the young socialists and communists." Fascism he regarded as being by no means the ultimate, but it constituted "a necessary stage" in the modern showdown—a revolutionary call to annihilate "bourgeois-capitalist" civilization. Drieu, who took contemptuous leave of the ingenuous nihilisms of Dada and the Surrealists, expected that the Fascists might be effectual and potent destroyers of society, and not just play-actors. As for the anti-Semitic aspect of the movement, the attenuated form of it in which he indulged has much in common with Marx's youthful essays on the Jewish question, in which the Jew was equated with the despised "bourgeois," and Judaism itself madly identified with capitalism. Here, then, Drieu's, like much Fascist vocabulary, was not just dependently antithetical but overlapped with some of Marx's original preoccupations.

Pierre Drieu La Rochelle thus combined, in his advance toward eventual collaboration, tendencies which were not always strictly denominatable. What stood out from the typically Fascist "scatter," however, and was characteristically rightist, was Drieu's expressed contempt. Trotsky once said, of bitter scorners like Swift, that misanthropy had made them "organically reactionary." Drieu was enough of a despiser of mankind in the mass—and, significantly enough, of women, who represented for him the continuing force of society ("without them," he writes in his *Journal*, "men, who are angels caught in a trap, would have soared up to heaven long ago")—to find the equalitarian vocabulary of communism repellent. But he had become a Don Juan, not only with regard to women whom, as an angel, he seemed disposed successively to drop in his heavenward flight, but of ideas, which he was to compound in impossible allegiances, before taking leave of them all in the great act of unfaithfulness he kept in lifelong reserve.

Most curiously, he became convinced, as the end of the Fascist epoch and of his own life approached, that a Communist success loomed ahead which, whatever its rhetoric, promised to bring the world "perfect autocracy, perfect aristocracy." If he had once been fleetingly attracted by the Marxist system, it was because of the supposed chance it offered "to re-establish an aristocracy in the world on the basis of the most extreme, the most complete popular deception."

Hence, and not unfamiliarly among Right revolutionaries, Drieu attempted to assimilate, as he put it, "the nation and Europe, society and aristocracy, freedom of thought and authority, mysticism and anti-clericalism." It was the politics of paradox. Don Juan indeed wanted everything; but everything, to be valid, quintessentially includes "nothing" as well—and thus Drieu had once written, in a volume devoted to the movement, "We will not fight for this or that, we will fight against everything. That is fascism."

To Drieu La Rochelle the real father of this absolute ideology was a Frenchman, Charles Maurras—the man who had once traced the roots of anarchism to Jerusalem, *via* Wittenberg. Their professed classicism did not predispose such men to appreciate romantic literature, nor the German *Weltanschauung* in general. (Drieu, while he served as editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in Nazi Paris, could not speak German.) It was, indeed, a long way from Chamfort to Klages: few French Right intellectuals would have cared to make the descent. Formal clarity and grace were assumed, by many of them, to have a role in literature corresponding to the severity and elegance of the social order—which modern "decadence" had brought into chaos. Maurras had exalted the Acropolis and Racine, and reviled Luther, and Protestant and romantic Vandalism. From the Houston Chamberlains and the Alfred Rosenbergs, of course, quite different scenarios had been forthcoming, with barbarians on the order of



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Arminius exalted as the appropriate inspiration for predestined savages. On the French side Drieu found the flaws preponderantly on the Left. Of the pacifist Romain Rolland, for instance: "I could never stand him because of his poor style. *Le style, c'est l'homme*: there must have been something vulgar, acquired—and ill-acquired, at that—in him." Beaudelaire's example demanded good form, no matter how macabre one's absorptions. Fascism came closest to being Drieu's ideal "no politics," and thus to satisfying his detached aesthetic; it was revolution and efficiency at once, the abrogation of all previous content. But when it actually did materialize in its invading incarnations, it came borne by crack athletes in carefully tailored uniforms, operating in swift and efficient units . . . not like "these horrible little khaki soldiers, those champions of man and the citizen," as the admiring Daniel, of Sartre's *Troubled Sleep*, put it. And the impression made by German armored formations, at least, was soberingly metrical. Yet Drieu was later to argue that he had finally sided with the conquerors because they were, in France, a scorned and Ishmaelite minority, set apart from the "herd." (Martin du Gard commented: "With the Germans he sides with the Allies; with the Gaullists, he sides with the Germans.")

That a literary career such as Drieu's should have terminated in eloquent ruminations on self-destruction is thus appropriate enough. He finally confronted directly the exclusivism he had wooed for so long. After "Aryan" politics, the composition of opposites, had come Aryan metaphysics, the synthesis—"an acute awareness of the frivolity of everything in this life. . . ." To be fulfilled was what, as a collaborator, had been his "secret wish to be deprived of everything, to be torn away from everything. . . ." Drieu La Rochelle had discovered the purer mysticism of India almost too late. Indian thought, moreover, had boasted its own preliminary *Arthasastra*, a manual of chilling *Realpolitik*, to be employed in serving an ordained world autocrat. Yet commensurate with the lies and opportunism that such a cynical code of power must entail, Aryan wisdom offered to the wounded sage a "higher" flight to lonely Reality. Surely the nihilism of the Fascist movements—as well as Drieu's own, in his lifelong rapture with the "purity" of death—involved "final solutions," of which that of the mystical religions, though it transcended them, had been somehow paradigmatic, and subtly constitutive. When Drieu discovered Indian ideas, his "sense of anguish disappeared," and he was ready to die. □

Truth: At Very Least, Impolitic

THE AXE. *By Ludvík Vaculík. Translated from the Czech by Marian Sling. Harper & Row. 223 pp. $6.95.*

HELEN YGLESIAS

Ludvík Vaculík is a marvelous writer. That must be said at once, before political diversions intervene. These days, a literary work may be easily lost to the peripheral matter that makes for good packaging. Is the subject of a biography a lesbian? Great for sales! Did the poet commit suicide? Terrific! Is the novelist a dissident from a Socialist country? Dyno!

Nation readers will be familiar with Vaculík's history from the interview in the May 21, 1973 issue. He was the editor of *Literární listy*, Prague's distinguished literary journal, from 1966 until it was suppressed in 1968, and the author of the "Manifesto of Two Thousand Words," a brave attempt to keep the Prague spring green. His writings are now banned in his country. Two novels have been translated and published in English, *The Guinea Pigs* and the one under review. (The translation of *The Axe* is fine, but I wish the American publishers had taken the time to alter the occasional British expression that jars—loo, bloody, etc.)

It was not to make little of Vaculík's unhappy situation as a writer that I began as I did, but to press on to the main thing, the work itself, so as to protect it from the inevitable East vs. West, Capitalist vs. Socialist, free world vs. police-state bickering. One wants to rescue Vaculík from that morass, to save him for literature, where he eminently belongs.

Vaculík is as deeply concerned with social questions as is Solzhenitsyn, though he takes a very different route. No huge canvases here, but his cunningly wrought works of art cut into the fat heart of Socialist society and by extension, of all modern society, with exquisite precision.

In its narrowest sense, *The Axe* is a family novel, told from the point of view of the son of a Moravian carpenter. (Much later, when the son is in trouble, his friend will assure him, wrongly, "You've nothing to fear—your father was working class and that'll cut some ice for a while yet.") The son is a successful Prague journalist. Father and son are party members, and their interwoven excursions into the dangerous social life of their time is the story of the novel. They are good men, a type of social hero that has gone clean out of style, and their quest is for the way to be good men among living men and women, and living institutions. Nothing is more difficult to do in literature, particularly for contemporary audiences, who find the good man hero as hard to swallow as the good man politician. Vaculík's stunning success is in his shifting, playful technique, dazzling in its variety of tones, and great fun to read. His father-son good men are intelligent, funny, perceptive, lovable, totally human heroes.

The manner is all, but only on a strong base. Vaculík's base is reality and honesty, which is not to say that he is a realistic or naturalistic novelist. He isn't. And if we end cheering this book, it's not because Vaculík's hero has won anything tangible, or because there's much within the world of the book or outside it, for that matter, to cheer about, but because of the exhilarating effect of following Vaculík's unflinching gaze.

Vaculík's test strip for any social organization is: how much room does it leave for human happiness? Forced collectivization, for example. During a Christmas visit home, the journalist son finds that his father has been promoted to district official. An uncle has arrived asking for help. The uncle's house and chimney are collapsing. The council has refused an allocation of bricks, cement and lime, and the fire brigade is suing, because the uncle would not sign an application to join the cooperative farm. In a display of bureaucratic spirit, the father refuses to help. The son thinks that it wouldn't have happened as it did if he hadn't been there.

> Probably Dad felt obliged in my presence to adopt some kind of principled attitude. Had Uncle Balej arrived on another Sunday afternoon when I would have been in Prague, at the cinema, because at that time of day my colleague Rudolph was always quietly making love to his girl in our room so that she could be home early, then Dad might have said, "Brother-in-law, it's not my fault, I'll make inquiries, I can't promise anything" and Elishka would be walking downstairs two steps ahead of Rudolph, bells ringing in her heart.

Vaculík performs a magic trick in which production norms on a collective

Helen Yglesias is the author of How She Died *(Houghton, Mifflin and Warner Paperback).*

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farm and bells ringing in a young girl's heart have been counterpoised. Effortlessly, we cast our vote for the ringing bells, without logic, but with absolute confidence in our own and Vaculík's good sense. Every leap of the son's and the father's interior and exterior journey is fueled by this heady mix of common detail, rage, social absurdity, poetic vision and love. A discursive, intimate voice draws the reader in so persuasively that our trust is solid by the middle of the first paragraph. By page 65, when the narrator declares that "it's enough to make one howl with rage that no government has been set up that would be capable of guaranteeing quite simply the supply of air and water," reader and narrator are so close that the rage is one's own.

There is the question of the fate of a carpenter who built himself a house. His wife died "and he was left alone with his child. He sat in his new workshop, singing to himself. They came and took him away to the madhouse, and if he has not died, he is living there to this day."

Vaculík must immediately rewrite this:

> Again, because the first telling was colorless. A young man, a carpenter by trade, built himself a house. Setting quite a grand entrance on a chamfered corner, he put his display window in the main frontage. Every bit of carpentry in this house was the work of a master craftsman. . . .

And in this new ending,

> . . . They tied up the carpenter, he struggled and shouted, but they bundled that carpenter into a car. Never again did the carpenter come home, and it is thirty-one years now. That is outrageous.

Vaculík will retell the story again and again. The effect, unlike Saul Bellow recounting Herzog's obsession with the infant thrown against the wall, is not to burden the reader with the oppressive weight of an author's conscience but to free the carpenter, to return him to life. In another version, the carpenter is given the power of the threat of retribution. He has been put away because it never would have occurred to "the horrified citizens" to sing in his circumstances.

> . . . By now he has been there thirty years, if he has not died. Apparently he soon regained his health, except for the belief that his wife was still alive. But above all there were grave fears about what he might do should he, on coming home, meet any of the men who had bound him and loaded him into that car. A very real fear, I should say! And it cannot be otherwise!

In still another version, the carpenter's story melts into another's—that of a man whose daughter, through official meddling, has been driven to kill herself. He too is locked up because he insists his daughter is living. Finally, we're all in that boat.

> . . . I might, in similar manner, find myself under treatment at any time, at any time at all! Whenever I allow it to happen. At any moment, if any of us conducts himself in accordance with his inner being, they can send him for treatment, and thirty years later they will still be unable to let any of us go home for fear that we may meet them —we'd be so bloody angry!

In a vein uncovered by Kafka, Vaculík leads us to the furthest edge of absurdity. Official control cannot be more simply rendered in all its funny and agonizing aspects. The narrator journalist is threatened with the setting up of a commission to establish the correct nature of fatherhood and sonhood, because of a speech he has made about his father, and because he has written about the girl who killed herself.

> They would send us [the commission's] findings to publish in the paper. We would print approving letters, and they would be genuine letters, from tangible fatheads!

Before him looms disgrace, dismissal. He goes home to talk to his wife in a wonderfully funny bit of dialogue that is an enchanting love scene. Over tea, bread and red currant jam, they agree "that there is no social mechanism, anywhere in the world, capable of separating man from his possible misfortune."

Indeed there is not. But the search is all. The wise and witty author of *The Axe* is something of a miracle worker, because at the end, in spite of all, the reader is full of hope for men and women and for the possibility of social institutions which will leave man free "to conduct himself in accordance with his inner being." The novelist who can do that, today, without lying, and while giving great pleasure to the reader, is to be cherished. □

The Dream of Empire, Again

MUSSOLINI'S ITALY. *By Max Gallo. Translated from the Italian by Charles Lam Markmann. Macmillan Publishing Co. 452 pp. $10.95.*

KURT J. FROHLICH

When on June 13, 1921, Mussolini, as deputy of the young Fascist Party, rose in the Italian Parliament and declared, "We deny that the history of mankind can be explained by economic determinism," he repudiated his Socialist past and opened the way for his new role. Italy with its colorful history of varied forms of small duchies and city republics had never lacked swashbuckling *condottieri*, and Professor Gallo in his book explains how a people can fall prey to a system seemingly incompatible with its temperament. And here is the rub: existing forces, not the temperament of a people, determine its political path.

Professor Gallo follows Mussolini's oblique career from his youth to the pinnacle of his power during the Dollfuss crisis in Austria, and thereafter to his ignominious death. It is most strange that his end is so much like that of another usurper of Roman power—Cola di Rienzi.

Filippo Turiati and Anna Kulishova founded a periodical, *Critica Sociale*, in 1891. The two had a strong influence on Mussolini and Gallo cites an interesting observation of Kulishova which may be a clue to Mussolini's apostasy from Left to Right. Kulishova thought of him as a "Non-Marxist, not even a Socialist but an individualist and autocrat." In any case, when Bissolati established the *Avanti* in 1896, Italy had its influential daily Socialist paper, and it eventually joined with *Il Trentino*, edited by Cesare Battisti, in calling for the reunification of the Trentino and Trieste with the Italian fatherland. This movement gave impetus to the interventionists for Italy's entry into World War I, and in its later course was an important element of fascism. Mussolini, who became editor of the *Avanti* in 1912, was one of the most fervent proponents of intervention until October 1915 when he was dismissed from that post. With financial help from big industrialists, Mussolini started his own paper, *Il Popolo D'Italia*, which with his ascendance became the voice of the Fascist Party.

An army which had not learned the lessons of the Western Front entered a fateful war. The Italian defeat at Caporetto in October 1917 marked the ten days that shook Italy to its core and left it with the trauma that later made possible the takeover by the unemployed and rowdy *Avanguardisti*, the returning stormtroopers. Mussolini shed the last vestiges of his Socialist past in dropping the subtitle of his paper, "A Socialist

Kurt Frohlich has taught contemporary European history and served as a consultant for market research.

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OFFSHORE

I go to sea, before dawn, wondering
what else wanders these waters in the dark.

I had dreamed of people
walking down through the headland forest,
the groundfog shimmering over the paths
and lifting as the sky lightened.
At the shore they gathered
to hear the dawn begin
singing the inward rushing of the sea.
Now I know the meaning of dreaming
is changing in our time,
like the names of God.

How I like to be at sea at dawn!
Headlands behind me rearing into light,
sift and saw of the swell,
girl-laugh and gull-cry. . .

alone in this stillness
knowing we change
and affirming
far out to sea we change
and change ourselves
forever.

Allen Planz

Daily." He replaced it on the masthead with a name that better expressed its policy: "The Newspaper of Fighters and Producers." This in practice meant an alliance between the military and big business.

The 19th-century Italian bourgeoisie, much damaged by World War I, welcomed the opportunity to finance the new capitalism. Gallo is most thorough in exposing the financial rivulets which nourished the Fascist torrent. The year 1922 was one of economic disaster; this was the climate that made the takeover of the government possible. Big industry got its man in power and could rely on suitable legislation and budgets.

The Concordat with the Vatican placated the old members of the Catholic Party. The assassination of Dollfuss in Austria by the German Nazis aroused Mussolini's fear that the Italian frontier at the Brenner Pass might be violated by the upsurge of German irredentism in the new Italian province of Alto Adige (the former South Tyrol). The attacks in the *Popolo D'Italia* on Hitler are unmistakably in Mussolini's personal style. The widespread Italian resentment of the role played by the army during the war, Italy's late entry into that conflict, and the shabby treatment of its representatives during the peace conference had to be compensated for by aggression. Mussolini's frantic desire to gain equal status with the West European great powers led to his attempt to achieve supremacy in the Near East—hence his short-lived invasion of Corfu, and the establishment of a stronghold in the Dodecanese Islands.

The founding of an Empire meant the founding of colonies. October 1935 marked the birthday of the Blitzkrieg, waged with tanks, poison gas and dive bombers against a primitive Abyssinian Army. Their defeat brought no glory to the Italians, only the illusion of grandeur and the title of Emperor to their king—as well as that of Duke of Addis Ababa to Marshal Badoglio, who later would have liked to forget this phase of his career. The civil war in Spain found Mussolini on the side of Franco. (His were not the only Italian forces in the conflict; in the International Brigade, fighting to defend the Republican government, was the Garibaldi Battalion manned by anti-Fascist exiles, and among them Pietro Nenni, Luigi Longo, Palmiro Togliatti.) Thereafter, the signing of the anti-Comintern pact and the formation of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis tied Italy's destiny to Germany in return for guarantees not to violate the Brenner frontier. That left Mussolini no choice in his reaction to Hitler's occupation of Austria, in contrast to his stand during the Dollfuss crises.

The days of Munich and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia are thoroughly covered by the author. World War II found Italy again a latecomer on the side of its ally, and again with an inadequately equipped army. Hitler promised to deliver the necessary supplies and weapons and his promise brought 250,000 Italian soldiers to the gates of Stalingrad and a disastrous retreat. The Allied landing in Sicily, the abandonment by the Italian forces of the island of Pantelleria, the open withdrawal of the Italian industrialists from the sinking Fascist ship are all put in fascinating perspective in Gallo's book. He spotlights the role of King Victor Emmanuel III, who clung to fascism rather than open the door to forces that might threaten the monarchy.

When, faced with complete defeat, the Grand Council of the Fascist Party stripped Mussolini of his military command, it also abrogated the Fascist constitution and restored supreme power to the King. Mussolini was arrested and Marshal Badoglio, Duke of Addis Ababa, appointed Prime Minister. At this point the downhill course of fascism gains momentum, and Max Gallo, the author of *Night of the Long Knives* now turns to events which he narrates with a masterly dramatic sense. Mussolini is dramatically abducted to Munich and later established in the Villa Feltrinelli on Lake Garda, the same luxurious place to which he had exiled Gabriele D'Annunzio in earlier years. Hitler's decision to keep the old dictator around was prompted by his need for a personality to head the puppet government of the new "Socialist Republic" which was created as a counterweight to the monarchy under Badoglio.

Mussolini is now a shell eroded by syphilis, a virtual prisoner of his S.S. supervisors, left with a sham pretorian guard, humiliated by the generals of his German ally. His former comrades and advisers are brought to trial by him, accused of treason, to make common cause with the Badoglio regime. Four of his old hierarchs, his son-in-law Ciano, Farinacci, Marinelli and De Bono are condemned to the firing squad and executed; thirteen others are condemned *in absentia*. This was the last chapter of Mussolini's Italy. A new Italy would try to revive those aspects of the moral and intellectual life of the nation destroyed by twenty-one years of fascism. The ignominious end of Mussolini and his mistress at the hands of partisans is Gallo's final epos. This section is written with a novelist's instinct for the high drama of crime and punishment.

Max Gallo puts before us the facts expertly gathered, documented with the names, locales and incidents which became synonymous with the exploitation of a distorted patriotism. The literature about the rise and fall of fascism in Italy is voluminous. Whereas much of the

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German record of the same period has been written by Nazi generals and freed war criminals in well-remunerated memoirs, Max Gallo has contributed to the relative objectivity of the Italian story, making sophisticated use in particular of the newspapers and magazines of the time. And while there was an Italy that was heart and soul with the Mussolini regime, there was also an Italy of expatriates who could not publish their writings in their homeland and had to seek refuge in Switzerland and France. It is most gratifying that Max Gallo draws on the testimony of the voices that Mussolini could not still. □

Materials for a Nation

WORKING. *By Studs Terkel. Pantheon Books. 589 pp. $10.*

ROBERT BOYD

Mr. Terkel's greatest asset as a writer may be that—strictly speaking—he isn't one. He is a broadcaster, equipped with a tape recorder and a wonderful sensitivity for the nuances of the spoken language. With these, and with honesty and sympathy, he probes the collective American mind, surprising us again and again by our callousness and our intelligence, our sophistication and our stupidity. "A tape recorder," he maintains, "can transform both the visitor and the host. On one occasion, during a playback, my companion murmured in wonder, 'I never realized I felt that way.' And I was filled with wonder, too. It can be used to capture the voice of a celebrity, whose answers are ever ready and flow through all the expected straits. I have yet to be astonished by one. It can be used to capture the thoughts of the non-celebrity . . . and these 'statistics' become persons, each one unique. I am constantly astonished." In two previous collections, *Hard Times* and *Division Street*, Terkel recorded the thoughts and feelings of those who had survived the Great Depression and those who were learning to live with life in Chicago. In *Working*, subtitled, "What People Do All Day and How They Feel About It," he trains his tape machine on the frustrations and gratifications of people who are trying to earn a living and at the same time hang on to their sense of individual worth. The results are in several respects monumental.

In the first place, *Working* is a big book, running to 589 pages. Included among the 130 subjects are people from every conceivable occupational area, from every socioeconomic group, from every major American ethnic group. There are some immediately recognizable names: the actor Rip Torn, the film critic Pauline Kael, the jazz musician Bud Freeman, the pro football coach George Allen. There are some names that may not be familiar to the general public, but are well-known within their own fields: the pitcher Steve Hamilton, the jockey Eddy Arroyo, the broadcasting executive Ward Quaal. Then there are the names nobody knows, the people who have no public faces, like the washroom attendant Louis Hayward ("I don't go around saying I'm a washroom attendant . . . I always wanted to be a writer. Most people like to say how rich or rewarding their jobs are. I can't say that"). Or the prostitute Ellen Strong ("It's a process of numbing yourself. . . . The work becomes boring because you're not part of life. You're the part that's always hidden"). Or the bus driver Will Robinson ("Like a machine, that's about the only way I can feel"). Between the poles of celebrity and anonymity there are others, car salesmen, mail carriers, bank tellers and factory hands, whose feelings about their jobs tell us some encouraging things about the way things are going in America—and some profoundly disturbing things as well.

What they tell us, good and bad, is monumental in the sense that it is both a celebration of the American (or Protestant) work ethic and a testimony of its demise. Not that the people Mr. Terkel interviews don't want to work, or that they have lost all interest in craftsmanship; the problem is that the economic and technological aspects of our society make it all but impossible for them to hang onto their ideals. In a developing society, the worker makes a contribution to the body politic which is either visible or visibly appreciated or both. In our technocracy, the functioning of each worker is isolated and depersonalized, and the product of his work may well be both invisible and unacknowledged. The results are tension, frustration, paranoia. Work is translated into war, the employee versus the company. "Funny thing is," says the auto worker Phil Stallings, "I don't mind working at body construction. To a great degree I enjoy it. I love using my hands." But, he goes on, "How can I feel pride in a job where I call a foreman's attention to a mistake, a bad piece of equipment, and he'll ignore it. Pretty soon you get the idea they don't care. You keep doing this and finally you're titled a trouble maker." This paradox—the employee's desire to do his job well, frustrated by the corporate bureaucracy—is a recurrent theme in *Working*, not only among assembly-line hands but among white-collar workers and middle-level executives as well. Another recurrent theme is isolation and distrust. Again and again Terkel reports complaints about "watchers"; for example, the airline stewardess Terry Mason says, "They do have personnel that ride the flights that don't give their names—checking, and they don't tell you about it. They call us professional people, but they talk to us as very young, childishly. They check us all the time on appearance." But perhaps the best summary of the problems of the worker in a technocracy is contained in Terkel's conversation with Nancy Rogers, a bank teller. "I don't like the way the bank is set up. It separates people. People are already separated enough. There are apartment houses where you don't know anyone else in the building. Cages? I've wondered about that. It's not quite like being in prison, but I still feel very locked in. Just like when you walk in in the morning, you put the switch on and here you are: 'I am a robot. This is what I do. Good

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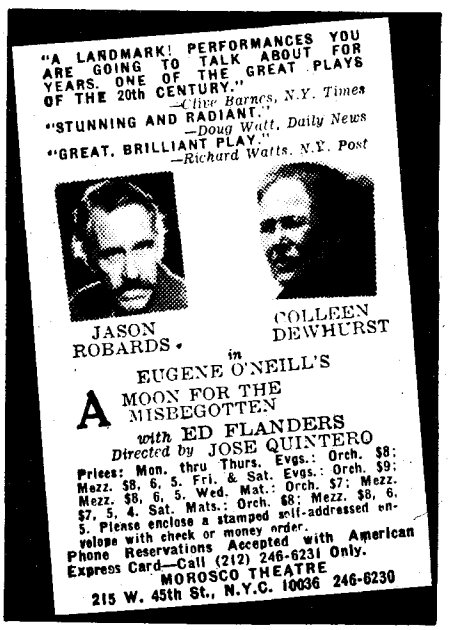
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morning. How are you? May I help you?' "

The news isn't all bad, of course. Beyond the despair of the uneducated, trapped in menial jobs, and beyond the plastic happiness of the salesmen and models, there is the sincere satisfaction, the fulfillment, found in working by men like the stonemason Carl Bates ("There's not a house in this country that I haven't built that I don't look at every time I go by. . . . That's the work of my hands"); or the bookbinder Donna Murray ("Keeping a four-hundred year old book together keeps that spirit alive. It's an alluring kind of thing, lovely, because you know that belongs to us. Yes, yes this work is good for me"); or the fireman Tom Patrick, whose words close the book: "I worked in a bank. You know, it's just paper. Nine to five and it's shit. You're lookin' at numbers. But I can look back and say, 'I helped put out a fire. I helped save somebody.' It shows something I did on this earth."

Studs Terkel says that *Working* is concerned with the "search for daily meaning as well as daily bread, for recognition as well as cash. To be remembered was the wish, spoken and unspoken, of the heroes and heroines of this book." The book itself is a significant contribution to our society. It does not proffer solutions; rather, it helps us to see ourselves more clearly and thus to define more clearly the problems we face. It derives its considerable power from the information it contains rather than from the style in which it is written—Mr. Terkel, unlike some so-called New Journalists, considers his subject more important than his ego. In the long run, that attitude seems likely to guarantee that he will be remembered, and recognized, not only for his talent as a reporter but for his humanity as well. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Clement Greenberg, writing back in the days when art seemed so evidently to be art and nothing else, viewed Picasso's "Guernica" as follows: "The explicit comment on a historical event offered in Picasso's 'Guernica' does not make it necessarily a better or richer work than an utterly 'nonobjective' painting by Mondrian." It is to be inferred from this that the picture was adulterated and confused by its topical references. What was wrong with "Guernica," according to Greenberg, was that Picasso had begun "to think in art-historical terms and to hanker for the first time after a 'grand' epic manner." However, "Cubism was already as valid a grand style in its own right as our time was capable of producing within the limits of easel painting, and it could not be approximated to the museum and Michelangeloesque ideas of a grand style without being travestied."

Actually, the ambition to reconcile Cubism with the Grand Manner does not originate with Picasso, though "Guernica" is the famous example. In 1912-13 Robert Delaunay's large "City of Paris" (classical nudes against a cubed-up Paris) and Roger de La Fresnaye's "Conquest of the Air" (blue skies and Cubist bits) were both allegorizing Cubism. However this rhetorical Cubism got overlooked and in any case "Guernica," though belated, is a stronger picture than its predecessors. Once it was done its impact was extraordinary, being hailed as a marriage of modernity and good politics, not only by those who didn't like their modern art straight but by artists as well. Willem de Kooning's black paintings of the late 1940s, though condensed to easel painting scale, obviously use Picasso's giant monochrome as their takeoff point. Jackson Pollock's desire, just as his drip paintings started, to paint "large movable pictures which will function between the easel and the mural" may also be a response to "Guernica," painted as a mural but thereafter moved to the Museum of Modern Art.

The imagery of "Guernica" is uncommonly vivid and has been circulated widely, a sure sign of its legibility. Picasso painted to engage public attention and he succeeded. It is not because of sentiment for the Spanish Civil War that "Guernica" has retained its currency, though a liberal nostalgia exists for the last of the small wars to have decently unblurred issues. In Spain, in the last few years, a two-man team of artists, who call themselves the Equipo Crónica, have used "Guernica" in relation to current issues. They specialize in quotation from other artists and from popular culture and several times fragments of the Picasso have turned up in barren Spanish landscapes or the image of the mourning woman has interrupted the calm of the executive suite. Picasso is being used to imply ongoing injustices; the "Guernica" quotes are to be read as signs of the eternal victims of new forms of tyranny.

"Guernica" is in the United States because Picasso did not want it in Franco's Spain. In 1968 a group of American artists and critics collected signatures for a petition to Picasso, transmitted to him via Michel Leiris, director of the Musée de l'Homme. They appealed to the artist to remove "Guernica" from the United States as a sign of protest against the war in Vietnam. The fate of the bombarded Vietnamese was compared to that of the inhabitants of the bombed Spanish city. They suggested that taking the painting back would mean a recovery of its original spirit. (The organizers were artists Bill Copley, Walter de Maria, Leon Golub and Irving Petlin, and critics Max Kozloff and Annette Michelson.) To quote Lewis Carroll: "No answer, was the stern reply."

Another stage in the repoliticization of "Guernica" occurred in 1970 when the Art Workers Coalition, to quote Lucy Lippard, "picketed and protested in front of 'Guernica.' " This was a peaceable demonstration in which the participants were careful not to do any violence to the art work. The occasion of the protest was the Modern Museum's decision not to cooperate with the AWC in the publication of a Song My massacre protest poster. Over a photograph from *Life*, of huddled bodies, was printed: *"Q*: And babies? *A*: And babies." "Guernica's" potential for protest, inert in the 1950s when Greenberg wrote, was activated in the late 1960s by the mounting evidence of war in Southeast Asia and by the increased political awareness of artists.

It is against such a context, partially sketched here, that the recent action of Toni Shafrazi, who sprayed "Kill lies all" onto "Guernica" needs to be viewed. The painting had become an obvious target and I am surprised that a museum guard was not present before the painting at all times. Either the curatorial staff had not gauged the risks correctly or the guards were slack. When a painting achieves the status of a burning cliché (Whistler's Mother and the Mona Lisa are others), it needs exceptional security. The painting was already varnished so that the garbled graffiti was soon removed and the picture is on display again, presumably with the protection it should have had before.

Shafrazi's vandalism received one bizarre endorsement from the Guerilla Art Action Group, the grandly named association of two men, Jon Hendricks and Jean Toche. "Toni Shafrazi has now joined Picasso in a collaborative work called 'Guernica/Mylai.' " This title is theirs, so presumably they can be said to have joined it, too, in a work made by Picasso-Shafrazi-Hendricks-Toche. The vandal is also said to have freed the paintings "from the chains of property, and returned it to its true revolutionary nature." (The property belongs to Picasso's estate; it is only on loan to the museum.) Unilateral acts of collaboration are common in 20th-century art, from Marcel

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Duchamp to Andy Warhol, who have used material provided by other artists in their work. The difference is, however, that their acts are polemical but non-destructive. Shafrazi, on the contrary, proposes the right to a witless interference with other people's works of art. A legitimate and valuable function of museums is to preserve works of art in a physical state as close to the original as possible. Their function is, like that of libraries, to preserve the *consultability* of works of art as a form of knowledge. What knowledge was added by "Kill lies all"? Shafrazi, a fringe art world figure, has added nothing to "Guernica" except depressing evidence of an ambition that has soured and settled for notoriety. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Short Eyes at the Public Theatre is a prison play. Its author Miguel Piñero is a 27-year-old Puerto Rican who has served time in Sing Sing. Most members of the play's cast are ex-convicts who were trained in acting in a workshop at Bedford Hills Correctional Facility in Westchester County. They decided to organize as a production unit, calling themselves The Family. This background lends *Short Eyes* positive advantages as a documentary. It is impossible to deny the circumstantial truth of the presentation. We witness the behavior of a collection of men in the day room of one of the floors in a House of Detention, gathered there during the pretrial period.

Among those detained are a fanatic black Muslim, a husky Puerto Rican homosexual, another Puerto Rican, the sage Juan Otero (played by Bimbo, who is a street poet and a writer for community theatre groups), a white man who is a confirmed criminal and several blacks, mostly drug pushers, whose malefactions do not appear to have erased various pleasant features of their humanity. They gamble, exchange obscenities, taunt or threaten one another and then relent. They all despise the police.

Another white prisoner is introduced into their midst, a youngish fellow accused of raping young girls. The prison slang for such a person is "short eyes." The other inmates hold his crime to be utterly hateful; they give him no quarter. Juan is the only one among them who will permit the newcomer to speak to him, to plead for compassion. The others are ferocious to the point of stabbing the miserable creature. All the men are involved, except Juan, who tried to stop the others, but only the most vicious of them, the white "Longshoe" Murphy, can bring himself to strike the fatal blow.

While all finally consider themselves guilty, none will give any information to the police: they stick to the story that "Short Eyes" committed suicide. The investigating police captain knows this to be a lie, and that the rabid sergeant in charge of the detained is guilty of complicity in the killing, but he lets the incident pass "for the sake of the department."

The picture is one of people restricted by poverty, ignorance, disease and social corruption, through which one perceives traces of the originally healthy fiber. There are gleams of grim humor, of native imagination as well as viciousness. As information, all this is surely of moment, the matter from which we may learn much to which we ought to pay more attention than we have in the past. It is also stuff from which art may be made. But though it stirs our consciousness and thus is more than commendable, *Short Eyes* is not a "marvelous play," as one reviewer has called it. It does not sufficiently transcend its material to achieve wider human significance.

What I have said of the text applies to the cast as well. All of the acting is "real," some of it arresting, while part of what is spoken is unintelligible through its very authenticity. Marvin Felix Camillo's direction is knowledgeable and David Mitchell's setting apt and, after a fashion, handsome.

Les Femmes Noires, in the Public Theatre's small auditorium, is a series of impressionistic scenes by Edgar White of which the scope is larger than their brevity and modesty might suggest.

For here we are shown a whole black community (with emphasis on its women) which contains more than special "cases." The platitudinous middle-class mother (very much like her white counterpart), her uncertainly refractory daughter, the vulgarly affluent tourist, the disabled and lonely woman resigned to her sorry solitude, the small-town visitor horrified by the ghoulish congeries of the big-city ghetto, the peaceful but embittered worker, the petty thief, the pimp, the girl determined to study, pitting herself against every disadvantage, the unrepentant and self-accommodated whore—all are seen in sharp focus.

There are good performances by Barbara Montgomery whose exuberance is infectious, by Bill Cobbs as a butcher whose contained anguish and venom strike home, by Juanita Clark whose muted pain possesses a singular pathos. The group portrait is fluently drawn by Novella Nelson as director. □

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I don't know when the notion of bringing *The Great Gatsby* to the screen got under way, but it has arrived in the theatres on the crest of nostalgia for America of the 1920s and it will do exceedingly well. Thousands upon thousands of people who have not read the book will now see the movie and never know what they have missed. It is a meticulous job of adaptation, as such things go, the plot and indeed much of the dialogue having been lifted intact from Fitzgerald's story, the surroundings having been re-created at God knows what cost, and the cast having been coached by the director, Jack Clayton, into a credible impersonation of rich and desperate people back in those Calvin Coolidge days of Prohibition. It is respectful work and appalling.

Perhaps the quickest way to explain what is wrong with the picture is to say that it is unnecessary. When it sticks close to the original, it adds nothing; when it deviates, it puts a heavy foot into Fitzgerald's magic. Overall, its most conspicuous weakness is that it cannot handle vulgarity or ostentation without becoming vulgar or ostentatious. A couple of examples: when Nick Carraway goes over to East Egg to renew a friendship with his cousin, Daisy Buchanan, Tom, her husband, greets him by riding up on a polo pony. In the book, Tom is in riding clothes, but Fitzgerald didn't think it necessary to supply a horse. In the film, Nick goes for the first time to one of Gatsby's parties, is tapped on the shoulder by a grim-faced bodyguard, taken upstairs in a private elevator and thrust into an Abercrombie & Fitch gent's study to meet his host. In the book, Nick, talking with a stranger at a table in the garden, says: "This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host." And the other replies: "I'm Gatsby. . . . I thought you knew, old sport." Why spoil that with the gangster flummery? Because in fact we only think we know that Gatsby was a gangster—the whole dreamlike, terrifying and infinitely sad tone of the book hangs precisely on the point that we don't really know anything about Gatsby, and yet he is by far the most real presence in the story. Gatsby imposes himself unforgettably because he is as much a symbol of those postwar years of elaborate masquerade and unjustified gaiety as are the empty eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg, staring out on the purgatory of auto junkyards and burning garbage that one had to cross to get from Manhattan to the strip of wealthy playground that once edged the North Shore of Long Island.

Fitzgerald wrote an aquatint of a story, very light, very deft, a little indistinct, leaving a good deal to the reader's understanding of the several levels of Hell, but with details that leap from the page and haunt you forever. The movie people have turned this into a mammoth painting in oils, making every Fitzgerald allusion into a fact, helping the author by filling in any areas that he did not cover with his pencil, proving point by point that theirs is the authentic, permanent record of a work which, despite its delicacy, shows no sign of fading. *The Great Gatsby* is a short book—astonishingly short and unassuming, when you think what it has meant to us these fifty years. You can read it in less time than you will spend in the theatre, watching a pastel threnody turned into acetate.

Where the picture excels is in the casting. Mia Farrow and Bruce Dern as Daisy and Tom, Sam Waterston as Nick, Karen Black as Myrtle Wilson bear extraordinary resemblances to what I had imagined these people to be like. Indeed Waterston, whose role in the book is the somewhat recessive one of narrator, threatens to steal the picture, so vivid is he as the reasonably decent man forced by the accident of proximity to witness an almost unendurable sequence of cruelty and suffering. Dern's cold good manners, physical authority and mean eyes are also strikingly accurate, though I wish he hadn't been made to run through the public rooms of the Plaza, screaming threats and insults at Gatsby. Tom Buchanan was a bully, but he staged his scenes in private. Gatsby, naturally enough, is the figure in the book who has never come clear to me. He never comes clear to Nick and almost all we know of him is Nick's attempt to get down on paper his wild romanticism and faintly sinister reticence, his shockingly accurate understanding of what America means by success and his pathetically immature infatuation with what lyric writers mean by love. Robert Redford doesn't seem right in the part—he is at once too handsome and too dull (Gatsby was awkward, but hardly dull). However, Redford probably does as well as anyone could—Gatsby is an impossible figure, an illusion in a pink suit who somehow sums up all that was endearing, outrageous and fatally optimistic about the 1920s. When they first thought about making this picture, they should have asked themselves, "How will we handle Gatsby?," realized that it couldn't be done and taken their hands off Fitzgerald's fragile masterpiece. □

THAT WOMAN

Smudgers of moonlight, black
Streaks and streaks and streaks
All night the dogs run
In circles under my eyelids.

Into the cool well of sleep I drown
Beautifully, but coming up for air
Keep seeing her, that woman
Frozen beside the fountain.

O most innocent shape,
Husband swimming beside me, slow
Peaceful beneath the hill

What was it brought her between us?

Fish of my heart, your feathers
Tangle like chains in my hair.
I may not leave, though I taste bitterly
The poisoned waters of the past—

I have given you all my questions.

That woman your former wife is here
The dogs tell me,
And the owl sitting on my shoulder.

Patricia Goedicke

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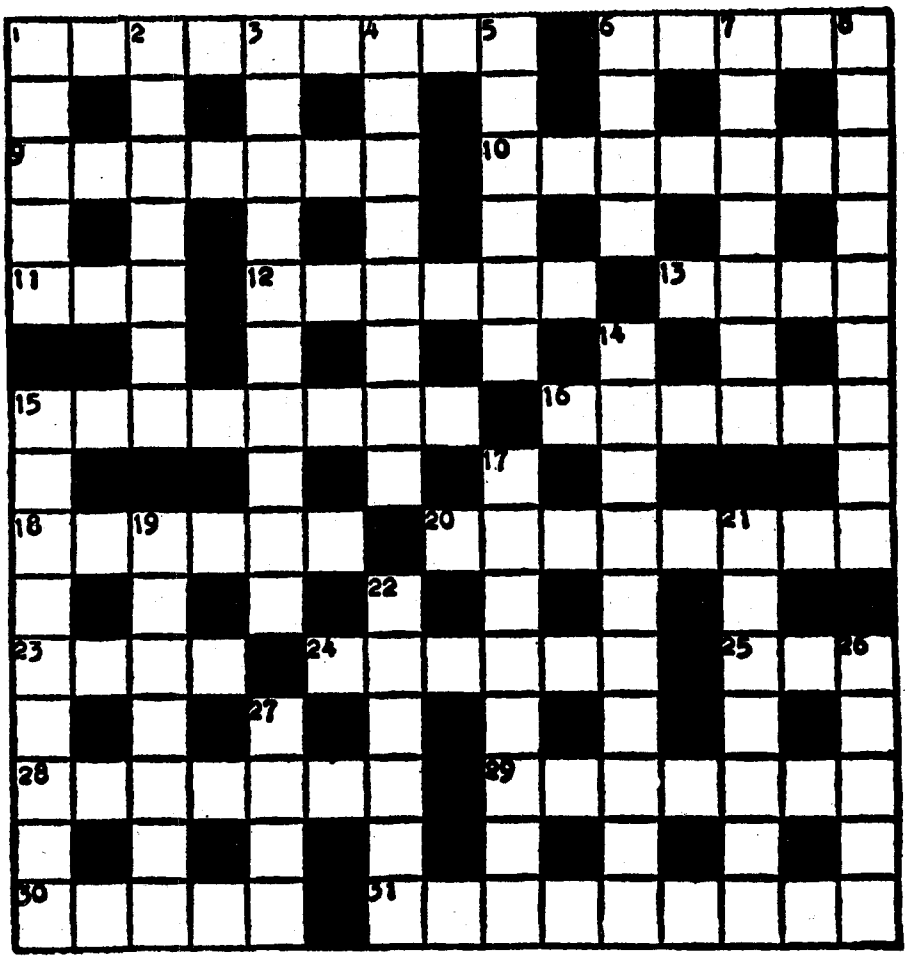
Crossword Puzzle No. 1532

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Certainly not close about the relation of one thing to another—but it might be an opening in the theater. (9)
6 Small business get up, perhaps. (5)
9 New Orleans, or some other place? (7)
10 Force might, after falling back. (7)
11 and 24 Imagining, for arguments sake, just what a model diner might do? (9)
12 What is able to spark an international crisis? (You might find it on the bench.)
13 The bag-like structure of some fancy styles. (4)
15 Eight can make it, but only by dishonest maneuvers. (8)
16 One of Socrates' letters to a Roman ruler, according to the British dramatist.
18 The wrong key for one might make a mess out of the mass. (6)
20 Pretending you have only one suit? (8)
23, 25 and 28 Check in favor of bonds for the union, possibly taken out of reserves.
29 Worker who might be logically found in taverns? (7)
30 The last thing one might expect to find on a camel! (5)
31 Bound to cause a distress, to say the least. (9)

DOWN

1 Nothing just as it stands could be so welcome to the traveler. (5)
2 Cuts between the same point, with loss of brilliancy. (7)
3 You're bound to be high if one serves you a drink. (3,7)
4 Would it be obsolete to say that it enables some unfortunates to have aspirations? (4,4)
5 If the center had a southeast addition, it might be more Scandinavian. (6)
6 The advertisement might not necessarily be a bad omen. (4)
7 Annoyed by the ingredients of the medicine? (7)
8 Two sounds almost like one, when you're speaking. (9)
14 Mars, perhaps. (10)
15 Such things as Niagara are hopefully not in the eye of the beholder. (9)
17 When words are left out, the way I spell is certainly different. (8)
19 Is it more proper to sound like a book for beginners? (7)
21 Blow up, possibly. (7)
22 This might be managed with studs. (6)
26 Stravinski's, though seasonal, sound like the civil type. (5)
27 The sound of 23, if cold enough? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1531

ACROSS: 1 Hard to take; 6 Skew; 10 Volumes; 11 Ironers; 12 Nits; 13 High and dry; 15 Wedding; 16 Spandau; 17 Nuptial; 20 Traipse; 22 Entrancing; 23 Peke; 25 Febrile; 26 Benzene; 27 Lien; 28 Bluebottle. DOWN: 1, 2 and 8 Having wonderful time, wish you were here; 2 Related; 4 Testing; 5 Knights; 7 Kneaded; 9 and 21 Going-away present; 14 Digitalis; 18 Potable; 19 Lacteal; 20 Tenable; 24 Into.

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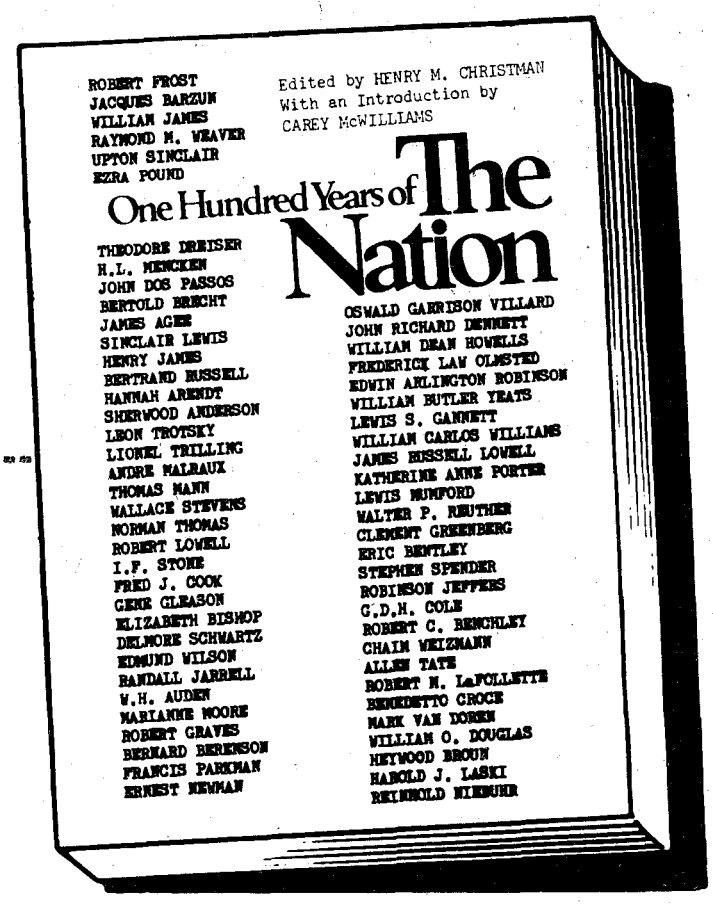

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